



No. 348.—Vol. XXVII.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1899.

SIXPENCE.



MISS EDNA MAY AS THE ROSE-QUEEN.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY W. AND D. DOWNEY, EBURY STREET, S.W.



## THE CLUBMAN.

The Gordon Highlanders have had during the past ten days much royal favour shown them. To have been reviewed by her Majesty twice and to have received their new colours from the hands of the Prince of Wales within a week is a record to be proud of. His Royal Highness is the Colonel-in-Chief of the regiment—he wore the uniform of the corps (as shown in the photograph on another page) when presenting the colours—and Ballater and Balmoral lie within the recruiting district of the regiment, which, with the recent gallantry of the regiment at Dargai, accounts for the royal favour so liberally bestowed on it.

Did we imitate the foreign Powers in giving the honorary Colonelships of regiments to ladies, the Gordons would not be the only Highland regiment with a Royal Colonel, for the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders carry the title of the "Princess Louise's." Her Majesty in the early years of her reign has more than once donned the scarlet of the British Army, but, so far as I know, the Empress Frederick is the only one of her daughters who has worn a uniform. The Yorkshire Regiment, which is "The Princess of Wales's Own," would be very proud if ever her Royal Highness would lead them past.

On the liking of Royal Princes for particular corps a volume of military gossip might be written. The Prince is very catholic, but the 10th Hussars are associated intimately with his time spent as a regimental officer; the Duke of Albany also served with them, and they more than any other regiment of which the Prince is Colonel might claim a special regard from him. The Prince is Colonel-in-Chief of the three regiments of Household Cavalry, and, though he is not officially connected with the Foot Guards, he takes a very keen interest in all matters, both social and military, connected with them. Of the regiments of the auxiliary forces, the Prince shows a special-kindness to the Honourable Artillery Company in always wearing on the "Birthday Parade" their uniform. At one period the Company lost His Royal Highness's favour; but that now, fortunately, is a matter of past history.

The Duke of Cambridge always has had a strong affection for his own cavalry regiment, the 17th Lancers, and has shown it by taking an escort from them whenever it has been possible. The public, in their way, agree with the Duke, for most of the recruits who wish to enlist in the cavalry ask for the 17th in preference to any other corps. The Rifle Brigade probably comes next in the Duke's affections, while the Middlesex Regiment is "The Duke of Cambridge's Own." The Duke of Connaught is essentially a Rifleman. The Rifle Brigade was the regiment he received his military education in, and he is now its Colonel-in-Chief. "Once a rifleman always a rifleman," is one of the sayings of the service.

The agent of the German Emperor had to give £250 for the horse that he purchased at the Banagher Horse Fair for the Emperor's use. The unfortunate shortness and weakness of the Emperor's bridle arm makes it a necessity that his horses should have perfect mouths and perfect manners. It will be remembered that when the Emperor last attended a review at Aldershot he had his own horses sent over from Germany.

I fear that, this week, all my gossip is of soldiers; but military enthusiasm just now is in the air, and if three men are talking together in a Club, their conversation is sure to be either of Gallifet's letter to the French Army or of the departure of the troops for South Africa and the chances of war.

Clubmen in England, throughout the last phase of the Dreyfus trial, have always had faith in General Gallifet, and he has justified it. His remarks as to the respect to be shown for the finding of the court-martial are addressed by the French War Minister to the French Army. Any weakening of the authority of court-martials or doubts thrown on the justice meted out by them, coming from the head of the Army, would encourage every mutinous private or misbehaving sous-offis' to try to escape punishment by an appeal against the good faith of the officers who had tried him. As for Dreyfus, the good wishes of the Club world go with him into his retreat, perhaps the best wish that can accompany him being that the inquisitive reporter may leave him for a while in peace.

Colonel J. Scott Chisholme, who is raising a mounted regiment in Natal, would, had he polled one vote more, have been pursuing a peaceful occupation with the pen as secretary to Hurlingham instead of sharpening his sword in South Africa. When the vacancy in the secretaryship occurred, Colonel Chisholme—he is known to his intimates as "Jabber" Chisholme—who had just completed in India his term in command of the 9th Lancers, applied for the post. He is very popular, and an adept in all forms of sport. The gentleman who has previously been assistant-secretary also applied for the post, and the votes of the committee showed one in his favour.

The Club-world and Americans in Europe are talking of the refusal of a well-known London Club to elect a distinguished member of New York Society who has entertained largely in England. There is nothing personal in the matter, for the gentleman is very popular; but the question raised is whether English Clubs are for Englishmen, or whether Americans should be allowed to become members. American Clubs are lavish in giving their honorary membership to properly vouched-for strangers, a courtesy that we very meagrely reciprocate. Any American who spends a portion of the year in London feels the want of a Club, and would like to join one. Unfortunately for the strangers within our gates, many of our Clubs have a rule by which only British subjects can belong to them, while others, not so tied down, do not wish to encourage an American invasion. Perhaps the only solution of the difficulty will be the founding of a representative American Club in London.

## MR. CONYNTHAM GREENE.

Mr. Conyntham Greene, who, as the British Agent in Pretoria, has been playing a very important part in the Transvaal crisis, is one of the



MR. CONYNTHAM GREENE.

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

most promising of our younger diplomats. Although he is only forty-five, he has had a good deal of experience since he left Oxford and entered the Foreign Office. Athens, Stuttgart, The Hague, Brussels, and Teheran—these names mark the successive stages in his career. While he was at Stuttgart, he married Lady Lily Stopford, Lord Courtown's daughter, who has been the greatest help to him in the social side of his duties. The post of British Representative at Pretoria has been, in some ways, the most difficult of all in the diplomatic service, and Lady Lily has achieved no small success in the uphill task of bringing together both Boers and British on the neutral ground of social courtesies.

## NAVAL NOTES.

As a rule, the Admiralty are not very successful in the naming of new ships, but about twenty years ago there was someone at Whitehall who had an inspiration. It may have been an accident, and he may not have been very different from other officials; but, at any rate, he hit on the idea of naming a series of little cruisers then building after well-known gems, and thus it was that we got what has always been known as the "gem class."

The names of these ships were *Opal*, *Diamond*, *Tourmaline*, *Turquoise*, *Sapphire*, *Ruby*, and *Garnet*. For many years these little ships did a great deal of very useful service, for they were so small that they could be used for work for which bigger ships were unsuited. Now all these warships have disappeared from the active list. Several of them have found their way into ship-breakers' yards, while the others—the *Ruby*, *Garnet*, and *Tourmaline*—are to close their careers as humble, dirty, despised coal-hulks. A strange fate for ships with such pretty names.

There is not much to be said in favour of the cruise of the ships of the Channel Squadron, except that the officers and men will probably gain a good deal of experience of the work required of them in war-time. This they might surely have got somewhere besides on the Irish coast. Of course, to the very last it was hoped that the authorities would recognise the reasonable hopes of the residents of some of the English and Scottish coast-towns to have an opportunity of viewing the finest fleet in the world, in which, as its "owners," they can legitimately take a pride.

They will, however, have to pocket their pride and keep it for some other time. The Irish coast is the order of the Admiralty, and the Irish coast it must be. The Squadron will spend some time at Berehaven, and will be seen in Blacksod Bay, Lough Swilly, Lough Foyle, and at Lamlash. Those who remember how much of the Irish coast the crews of Her Majesty's ships have seen of late will wish them joy. Blacksod Bay in November calls up no pleasant anticipations.

## "KING JOHN," AT HER MAJESTY'S.

At present the Dreyfus case is really quite a King Charles's head with most of us, and I could not keep it out of my mind when glancing at a copy of the famous Charter which Mr. Beerbohm Tree will be granting nightly, for many days to come, I hope, at Her Majesty's Theatre. "None shall be condemned on rumours or suspicions, but only on evidence of witnesses." It does seem quaint that even by now France is not sufficiently civilised to have a law of justice deemed fundamental on July 15, 1215, or perhaps earlier, seeing that, after all, John's was really a confirmation rather than granting of the Charter. However this may be, my subject is not the laws of the country, the best part of which, for a while, belonged to the unlucky "Lacklands," but Mr. Beerbohm Tree's brilliant production of the play which managers, as a rule, thought perilous to the treasury. In reviving it Mr. Tree seems to show that they are right who believe that he has a *reculer-pour-mieux-sauter* policy which leads him sometimes to condescend to produce the almost valueless in order to have power to offer the really valuable. For, whatever be the true position of "King John"



amongst the great historical plays of its author, it is really a good thing that the modern playgoer should have an opportunity of seeing it, and of seeing it presented with intelligence, mounted splendidly without extravagance, and acted admirably.

There seems hardly an aspect of the production, save the purely pictorial, concerning which the critics fail to disagree, and yet one gathers a general opinion, to which I humbly add the trifling weight of my own, that, though not faultless, the stage version has been prepared with both ingenuity and reverence. The fault of the matter, to my mind, is that the two most painful scenes follow immediately upon one another. After being cruelly harrowed by the woes of the too eloquent Constance, I was hardly fitted to endure the exquisitely painful scene in which Hubert proposes to carry out the sentence of murder upon Arthur by putting out his eyes with a two-pronged toasting-fork, which refused to turn from red to black at the bidding of the text. I know that this scene is deemed by connoisseurs to be vastly pathetic and beautiful, but most of us in this part of the century are too tender-nerved to take pleasure in

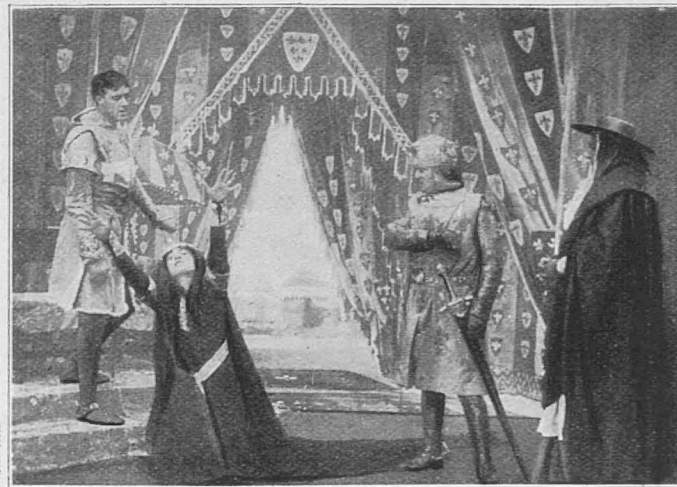
be that some of the priests found that John's little game with an Archdeacon of Norwich—whom he crushed to death with copes of lead for neglecting his services—was very persuasive, or, at least, coercive; and it should be remembered that the English priests absolutely ignored the excommunications showered by the Pope on barons and citizens when they set themselves against the humbled monarch. Consequently, I shall not be surprised if Mr. Tree produces text and verse for the introduction of these Churchmen. A good deal has been said about the two tableaux; it is easy to find excuse for the one which shows a vital moment in the strife before Angiers; the chief drawback to the Magna Charta tableau is that it forces upon one the fact that the chronology of the play is fantastic, and disturbs the feeling that it all apparently passes in a few days.

The final recollection of the play was remarkably impressive. The picture of the group of sturdy Englishmen in the orchard, with the dead King in the centre, and the proud Bastard shouting out splendid defiance to the whole world, while the sun bursts through the clouds



Hubert (Mr. McLeay). King John (Mr. Tree). Arthur (Master Sefton).  
THE BATTLEFIELD NEAR ANGIERS (ACT I., SCENE 4).

*King John instigates Robert de Burgh to murder young Arthur of Brittany, the rightful heir to the throne.*



The Dauphin (Mr. Gerald Lawrence). Lady Constance (Miss Julia Neilson). The French King (Mr. William Mollison). Pandolph (Mr. Louis Calvert).  
THE FRENCH KING'S TENT (ACT II., SCENE 1).

*The Lady Constance, mother of Arthur, hearing that her boy is a prisoner in King John's hands, passionately denounces those who have deserted him.*

Faulconbridge.



Faulconbridge (Mr. Lewis Waller). Prince Henry (Miss Dora Senior). King John. Lord Salisbury (Mr. S. A. Cookson).  
THE ORCHARD OF SWINSTEAD ABBEY (ACT III., SCENE 5).

*The last moments of King John. The dying King is brought into the Orchard of Swinstead Abbey.*



Lord Pembroke (Mr. James Fisher). Salisbury. Prince Henry. King John.

THE ORCHARD OF SWINSTEAD ABBEY (ACT III., SCENE 5).

*The little Prince Henry (afterwards Henry III.) is accepted by the Barons as John's successor.*

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this kind of thing, whatever the quality of the acting; and the quality certainly was superb, for Master Percy Sefton was a wonderfully natural and effective Arthur, and Mr. Franklyn McLeay, albeit overfond of crescendo groans, gave a very fine picture of the successful struggle of humanity in a rugged breast. Apart from this complaint as to arrangement of scenes, I can see nothing but praise for the way in which Mr. Tree has presented a moving, effective version of the very difficult drama which, now that it has shaken into shape and occupies less time than upon the first night, must be quite a thrilling affair, even if the interest, as in the case of "Julius Caesar," somewhat tails off.

By-the-by, I observe that some have suggested an error is made in showing certain priests as members of the King's household after the excommunication. That Mr. Tree and his advisers have made a mistake in this respect is by no means clear, and, indeed, with all the confidence of a profoundly unlearned person, I venture to suggest that the English clergy—which, as a body, was intensely opposed to the Papal claims—may have found members of some orders who would defy the Bann. Moreover, King John "had such a taking way with him," and it may

and the monks sing a triumphant "Amen," will be almost ineffaceable. As a spectacle, "King John" has rarely been surpassed. The beauty, all consonant with the rounded arches of the Romanesque architecture, is rather hard and stern in most scenes, though, now and again, there are tender, delightful landscapes. The martial pictures are vivid and effective, and though the individual costumes are almost grotesque, the comic has been ingeniously avoided. The acting, if not, perhaps, astounding in any case, was remarkably good throughout. The King John is an admirably thought-out performance, suggesting, no doubt, the John of Shakspeare rather than of history, and most effective in the scenes of craft and cajolery. The death is very impressive, and shows a nice restraint. Mr. Waller's Faulconbridge was popular, though not, perhaps, of a quality to improve his reputation. The excellent and picturesque Constance of Miss Julia Neilson showed by its approach to success that a Siddons may have done something prodigious with the part beyond the reach of any lesser actress. Sincere praise must be given to Mr. William Mollison, Miss Bateman, Mr. Louis Calvert, Miss Lettice Fairfax, and Mr. Lawrence.

E. F. S.



## "AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON," AT THE AVENUE.

In producing, or in being concerned in the production of, the new and gay light-comedy, "An Interrupted Honeymoon," last Saturday night at the Avenue, that artistic actress, Miss Granville, has but returned to the boards on which she made her debut. The theatre was then under the



MISS GRANVILLE, WHO PLAYS THE HON. MRS. GORDON IN "AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON," AT THE AVENUE.

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

direction of Mr. George Alexander, and the play in which the young actress first appeared was Mr. Fred Horner's adaptation of "La Lutte pour la Vie," called "The Struggle for Life." That was nine years ago last Monday. Despite certain good qualities in "The Struggle for Life," it did not appeal to London playgoers, and it was therefore not very long before the beautiful young debutante had another part to play. Indeed, for three years or so Miss Granville remained with Mr. Alexander, gaining valuable experience in town and on tour. In due course, she appeared (mostly with success) in Mr. Malcolm Watson's clever play, "The Haven of Content," in the Shaftesbury version of "The Sorrows of Satan," and in Miss Estelle Burney's strong but scarcely satisfactory comedy, "Settled Out of Court." Also with marked success Miss Granville enacted Queen Gertrude in Mr. Forbes-Robertson's memorable production of "Hamlet," at the Lyceum. Miss Granville not only looked every inch a Queen, but she was a surpassingly beautiful Queen to boot, quite the sort of Sovereign whom any susceptible Claudius (or anyone else) would, like the aristocratic "wreck" in "The Gay Lord Quex," describe as "very allurin'." Subsequently Miss Granville, after much excellent work at the Court and the Criterion, returned to her first manager, and at the St. James's was, by this time, of much artistic value, not only as Paula Tanqueray, whenever Mrs. Patrick Campbell was absent from the cast of Mr. Pinero's brilliant and famous play, but also in many a character of the aristocratic wife or distinguished young widow type.

It is a character of this kind (only, of course, it is the character of the piece, namely, the satirical and cigarette-smoking Hon. Mrs. Daniel Gordon) that Miss Granville has selected in "An Interrupted Honeymoon," the story of which deals with the mistaking of a certain couple for a just-married and would-be happy pair. Each mistaken and muddled couple, of course, suffers severely *pro tem*. The play is the work of Mr. Kinsey Peile, who is a comparatively new but very promising play-writing recruit from the ranks of Society with a capital S. This is not the first work of Mr. Peile's that Miss Granville has produced. Some eighteen months ago, she exploited in the Ancient City of Worcester his play of somewhat stronger form, entitled "The Other Man's Wife." Mr. Peile's latest dramatic essay is of a light and (as it were) "worldly" type, with several cleverly differentiated types

of character engaged in several episodes more or less entertaining—generally more. Like "The Degenerates," "An Interrupted Honeymoon" is an object-lesson as to striking modern costumes and costly furniture. In this respect (apart from any question to be considered as to the play), "An Interrupted Honeymoon" will doubtless appeal to the Fashionable World. Each of the lady's dresses is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy for the whole time it is worn on the stage. This time, of course, is not long, or the feminine characters would, equally of course, have to be described as unreal and fit only for the Drama of Imagination, into which category "An Interrupted Honeymoon" certainly does not fall. Miss Granville, however (with her, Mr. Charles Hawtrej as sole lessee and manager), has taken care that Mr. Peile's play shall not rely solely upon lavish mounting alone. A very powerful company of players has been engaged, including that excellent (if occasionally heavy) actor, Mr. Arthur Elwood, as Daniel Gordon; Mr. A. Holmes Gore, as Sir Charles Babington; Mr. Gerald Du Maurier (son of the late artist and author of "Trilby"), as Christopher Trevor; Mr. Sam Sothern (son of "Dundreary" Sothern), as Kenneth Benyon; pretty Miss Sarah Brooke (who, like Miss Granville, has also often filled Mrs. Patrick Campbell's place), that always strong actress, Miss Bella Pateman, Miss Clara Denman, Mrs. Kemmis, and Mrs. George Canninge, as Violet Babington, Miss Georgina Perceval, Agatha Vincent, Lady Pamela Benyon, and Miss Rachel Gordon respectively. One of the drollest things in the piece is the character of a butler named Penny, as represented by that fine all-round comedian, Mr. Arthur Williams.

Although there were some dissentients present on the first-night, "An Interrupted Honeymoon," with its often amusing episodes and epigrams, its pink art wall-papers and its apple-green hangings and other picturesque "trimmings," will, doubtless, suffice to interest Society folk and others for some time to come.

H. CHANCE NEWTON.

Miss Constance Loseby writes to correct an error in *The Sketch* article of last week on Charles Morton and his satellites. It appears that Miss Loseby never appeared at the Canterbury Music-Hall under the management of her old friend, and she was not Mrs. John Caulfield in 1862. I much regret that these errors were allowed to creep into type.

Just before "The Degenerates" was produced and the announcement was made of Mrs. Langtry's marriage, there were rumours of her retirement from the stage. The success of the play, however, has silenced them, and, as a matter of fact, Mrs. Langtry's plans are practically made for the next two years and more. In the middle of October she will remove to the Garrick Theatre, where "The Degenerates" will be played till the end of the year. She will then



MR. ARTHUR WILLIAMS, WHO PLAYS PENNY IN "AN INTERRUPTED HONEYMOON," AT THE AVENUE.

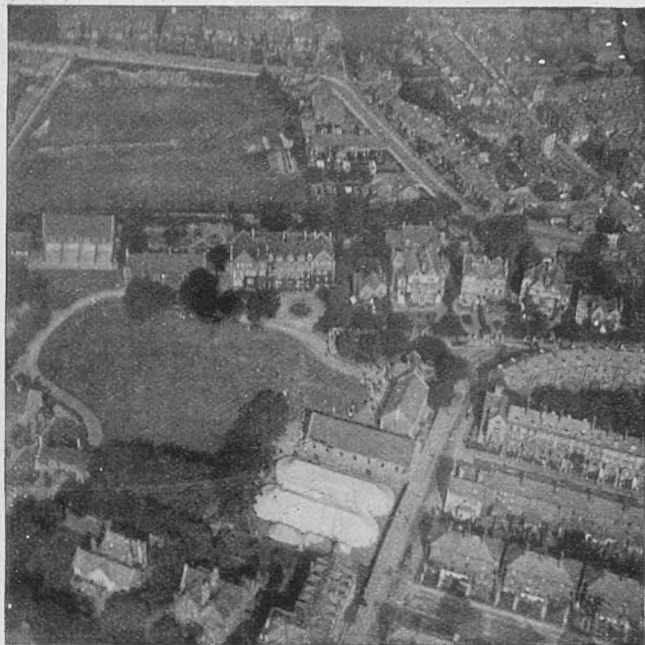
Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

sail for America, as she has arranged to open at the Garden Theatre, New York, on Jan. 15, and will play a four months' season in the States, terminating on May 19. June and July will see her in England once more, at the suburban theatres, after which will come a short provincial tour preparatory to a second and longer American season.



## DOVER AND GRAVELINES FROM A BALLOON.

On Sept. 14 this year the Rev. J. M. Bacon's interesting acoustic experiments in mid-air were to have been resumed at Dover on the occasion of the British Association meetings. A suitable site was granted in the Dover College grounds for the inflation and ascent of the



THE GROUNDS OF DOVER COLLEGE, SHOWING, AS DAN LENO WOULD SAY, THE REFRESHMENT-TENTS.

balloon, and all was in readiness for the aerial trip; but as the afternoon advanced, it was observed that the slight north-westerly breeze which had prevailed earlier had completely died away, and so calm had the air become that captive ascents only could be made during that day. This, however, gave me the opportunity of making one of the pleasantest aerial voyages in my career as aeronaut. The balloon was permitted to remain inflated with gas overnight in the College grounds, and by 10 a.m. the next morning I had entered the car with a friend (Mr. Bacon having been called to town) and ascended into the freshening breeze. First securing a picture, by means of the snapshot, of the rapidly opening-up view of the College grounds (with their refreshment-tents specially provided for members of the British Association—for scientists still require meals), we soar aloft, see Dover Valley, the town with its innumerable houses, the Castle,



THE FORTIFIED FRENCH TOWN OF GRAVELINES, NEAR CALAIS, TAKEN WHILST THE BALLOON WAS 5000 FEET UP.

*From Photographs taken by Mr. Percival Spencer, the well-known aeronaut.*

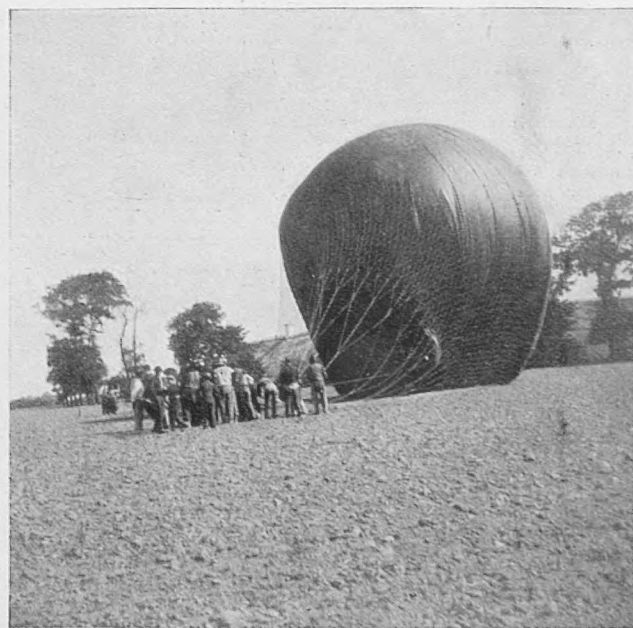
always picturesque, but now more so in its novel aspect—plan-like on a country-side devoid of hills. The balloonist sees no undulations of the ground: all is level to his lofty gaze. Look at the harbour, the docks, and the Admiralty Pier—take another picture to retain a record of this most novel scene. We are now passing out to sea; the coast-line of England has passed the perpendicular line of sight. Slowly but surely the other shore becomes more distinct; we can even make out a harbour and

town. We are not approaching the shore directly, but in an oblique direction, and floating slowly upwards. At eleven o'clock we are at 4800 feet, and note the perfectly clear blue sky above the clouds, which extends like a vault overhead from horizon to horizon. We are evidently nearer, though not making exactly for Calais; we can even see the roads in the town, looking like whity-brown threads. The hum



THIS PHOTO WAS TAKEN AS THE BALLOON WAS PASSING OUT TO SEA OVER DOVER HARBOUR.

of the waves underneath is like the roar one hears in a shell. We leave Calais to the right. A little sand thrown out has caused us to rise again, and at half-past eleven we are at 5000 feet. The sound of distant guns from the English coast occasionally reaches our ears, and shortly afterwards similar sounds from Calais. In half-an-hour we have passed considerably to the right of Calais, and can distinguish another town on the sandy coast; our course is towards this town, and the trail-rope, which hangs perpendicularly, is now observed to cross the sands. We approach nearer; for ten minutes we are over the shore, and then our course is overland. Our greatest height reached is 5400 feet, and the temperature is here 52 degrees Fahrenheit; it was 68 degrees on the ground—not sufficient to even feel cool to us in the car. As we approach nearer, we see that the town is fortified and surrounded by a moat. We take a snapshot of it; it is Gravelines,



THE DESCENT OF THE BALLOON ON FRENCH SOIL AT ST. GEORGES, NEAR GRAVELINES.

midway between Calais and Dunkirk. At twenty minutes past twelve we touched the valve-line, and in ten minutes had descended from five thousand feet to earth. The landing was easily effected in a plough-field at St. Georges, a photograph being taken. Every assistance was given, and vehicles speedily found to drive us to Gravelines Station, whence we returned to Dover *via* Calais, reaching England at 5 p.m. We had descended forty miles distant from the place of ascent.

PERCIVAL SPENCER.



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### THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

How did Shakspeare talk? Can we even make a guess? If I ever did, the guess would only vaguely hint at something clear and common-sensible, with a liberal garnishment of puns. But to translate a vague guess into words, somewhat uncommon audacity is needed. Mr. R. N. Stephens is equal to the attempt in "A Gentleman Player" (Methuen), in which the dramatist appears as one of the characters. This is his conception of what the large utterance was—

Love is a flame of this fashion; the first sight of a face will kindle it in shape of a spark. An there be no further matter to fan and feed the spark withal, 'twill soon die, having never been aught but a spark, keen though its scorch for a time; a mere seedling of love, a babe smothered at birth. But an there be closer commerce, to give fuel and breeze to the spark, it shall grow into flame—a flame, look you, that with proper feeding shall endure for ever, like sacred fires judiciously replenished and maintained; but too much fuel, or too little, or a change in the wind, will smother it, or starve it, or violently put it out.

This is very fine language indeed, and just for that reason audacious. Shakspeare calling for a cup of sack in our flat tones might pass, but Shakspeare starrng it at the Mermaid, and haranguing on a poetic theme, too—oh, "Souls of poets dead and gone," in Elysium may ye be happily deaf to our mimicry! Is Mr. Stephens specially proud of his audacity? Will he fume anew at the wretched critics sitting on "leather-covered study-chairs," "busy with wet blankets and cold water"? He has better ground for pride in the production of a most readable historical romance concerning a secret mission given by Queen Elizabeth to a young player of Shakspeare's company.

The Polish novelist Sienkiewicz is known to English readers as a writer of very substantial, very elaborate, romances, exhibiting much historical knowledge and inexhaustible industry. He has his lighter, or rather, his slighter moments, however, it would appear; and the portrait of one of these has just been presented to us—"In Monte Carlo" (Greening). When, as here, Sienkiewicz is not supported by a mass of history, he must strike a good many readers as third-rate; but the translator of the story and the writer of the highly eccentric preface may have used little judgment in his selection.

To read this commonplace record of an artist's dallying with a vulgar and corrupt woman, whose evil qualities and absence of good ones he knows as well as anybody, and of his being saved by the traditional little shrinking and virtuous girl model, and then to turn to the preface and read of the author, "This fantastically heroic Pole is in the front rank not only of Polish romance-writers past and present, but he also stands level with all the great masters of the craft in England, France, and Germany," is enough to make us stare in bewilderment. Sienkiewicz is indeed a considerable writer, but to put this kind of stuff forward in proof is a wrong to him. o. o.

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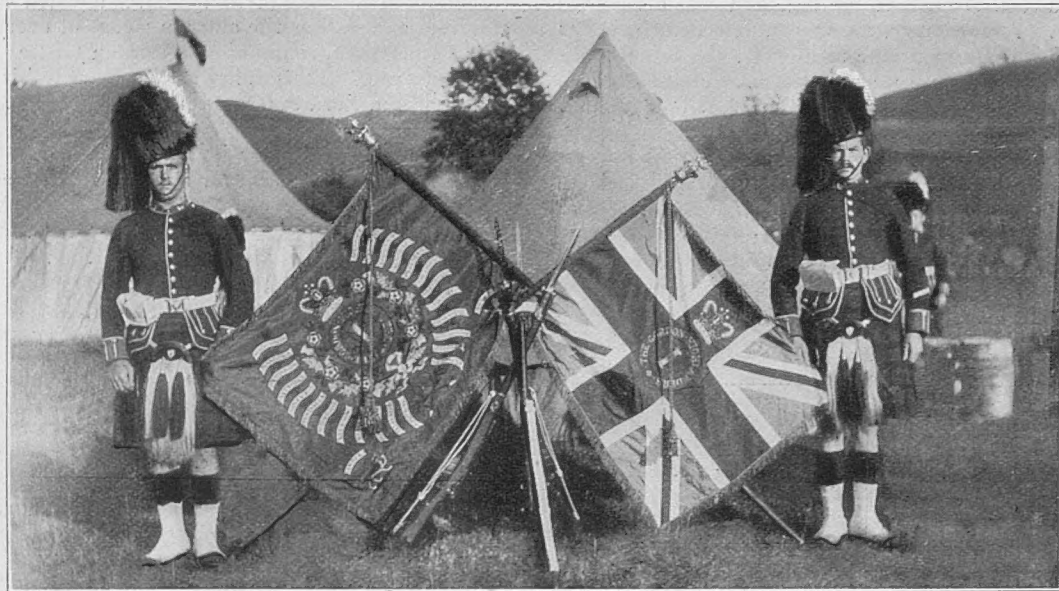
## SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

"We have finished with Dreyfus, thank Heaven!" More than one gentleman, merrily tripping up the stairs of *The Sketch* offices this week with photos of or notes about the great case, has been met with this ejaculation. I am sorry for the many journalists who have lived for so long with the prisoner on Devil's Island, or in the cell at Rennes, and are now taking an enforced holiday. But even the Dreyfus affair must come to a close at last, and, personally, I don't care whether the Captain is enjoying his well-earned freedom at Folkestone, or Dover, or Margate, or Monte Carlo, or Hong-Kong. The great thing is that he has got his freedom, and, that having been accomplished, the English Press need not worry any more about him. As for the Paris Exhibition, I really believe we *shall* go and play in their yard after all!

It was a sight to stir the blood of any patriot at Ballater on Sept. 18, when the Prince of Wales, in his capacity of Colonel-in-Chief of the Gordon Highlanders, presented that regiment with new colours, a photo of which I reproduce herewith. The scene of the presentation was sufficiently picturesque, as all who are acquainted with the

Sir Allan Mackenzie was the host of the day, and supporting him was the Earl of Aberdeen, Lord-Lieutenant of the county. With the Prince of Wales were the Duke of Connaught and the Duke of York, whilst in

the reserved enclosure one could pick out the Countess of Aberdeen, Lord Glensesk, the Earl of Kintore, Lord and Lady Sempill, the Marquis and Marchioness of Huntly, and many other brilliant personages far too numerous to mention. The Prince made a neat little speech, and the whole ceremony passed off without the slightest hitch. An examination of the trophy will show the inscriptions "India" and "Egypt," and a laurel wreath.



THE NEW COLOURS PRESENTED TO THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS BY THE PRINCE OF WALES ON SEPT. 18.

Photo by Johnston, Banchoy.

At the present moment it is interesting to recollect the fact that the Queen was once very fond of mountain-climbing. Indeed, it was as a mountaineer that the Queen first made acquaintance with the neighbourhood about Balmoral. Within a week of the Court's arrival at old Balmoral Castle—that is, on Sept. 8, 1848—the Queen and Prince Albert ascended Lochnagar, starting early in the morning. They got lost on the way, and their long absence excited so much apprehension that the then Prime Minister—Lord John Russell—himself started out with a search-party to find them. In the meantime, however, the mist had



Prince of Wales, Duke of Connaught, Duke of York.

Sir Allan Mackenzie.

THE PRINCE OF WALES PRESENTING THE NEW COLOURS TO THE GORDON HIGHLANDERS.

Photo by Milne, Ballater.

Upper Deeside will admit. The weather left a good deal to be desired, but the men in their bright tunics, bedecked with medals won in many campaigns, brightened the picture of which the photograph I give will afford some idea.

lifted, and the Sovereign had reached home. Two years later, in the same month, the Queen went up the greatest of the Cairngorm mountains, Beinn'abhuid. In the October of 1861 the Queen and the Prince ascended Cairn Na Glasha.



The Queen celebrated the jubilee of her connection with her Balmoral estates last year. At the time of the purchase—in 1848—the property was not very extensive, and the Prince Consort paid only £31,500 for the old Castle and surrounding demesne. Since then the Abergeldie and Birkhall estates have been acquired by Her Majesty, and the three properties extend for eleven miles along the Dee, making in all slightly over twenty-five thousand acres. The original Balmoral Castle, which stood further back from the river than the present imposing edifice, was built by the Earl of Fife who was grandfather of the Duke of Fife; it was a small house, with high gables, and not altogether suited for royal occupation. Accordingly, the Queen and Prince Albert made up their minds to build a more suitable residence; the foundation-stone was laid on Sept. 8, 1853, and two years later, on Sept. 7, 1855, the Queen and her family first began what was to be so long and so successful an occupation of their Scotch home.

Many of the most notable events of the Queen's later life have occurred at Balmoral. Especially may be mentioned in this connection the engagement of the Princess Royal to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. This event occurred during the first year that the Queen and Prince Albert were settled in the new Castle, and the momentous question and answer were made as the Prince and Princess were riding down Glen Gieoch. It was at Balmoral also that the engagement of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne took place, and there also that two of her Majesty's favourite grandchildren were born, Princess Victoria Eugénie of Battenberg, and her youngest grandson, Prince Donald of Battenberg.

While making his annual visit to the Duke and Duchess of Fife at New Mar Lodge, the Prince of Wales spends a great deal of time deer-stalking. Mar, which is one of the two largest forests in North Britain, extends to over eighty thousand acres of cleared ground, and so lends itself admirably to deer-driving on a large scale. A great deal of perhaps undeserved contempt has been poured out on deer-driving, although it occasions far less fatigue than the more old-fashioned deer-stalking. It must also be admitted that "driving" affords sport to a far larger party, and it is not unattended with some excitement, for there can never be an absolute certainty as to the course which will be taken by the driven herd. As a young man—that is to say, when the Prince of Wales owned the charming property of Birkhall, which he sold some fifteen years ago to the Queen—his Royal Highness was devoted to regular deer-stalking, and at Balmoral a number of fine antlers testify to the Prince's skill.

The Duke of Fife is as keen a sportsman as is his Royal father-in-law. Indeed, long before there was any question of an engagement between the then Earl of Fife and Princess Louise of Wales, the Prince and Lord Fife enjoyed many a long day's deer-stalking together. The herd of home-fed stags in the park at Mar Lodge are said to be one of the finest herds of red deer in Scotland, and several valuable additions have been made to it by the Queen and by the Duchess of Fife's uncle, the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who possesses the best-stocked big-game forest in Germany.

The Duchess of Fife has inherited the Princess of Wales's love of fishing, and together with her great friend, the Duchesse d'Hautpoul, she spends a great deal of her time when in Scotland on the banks of the Dee, in which river the Duke of Fife has two splendid salmon stretches extending over seventeen miles. When out on an angling expedition, the Duchess wears a very simple, workmanlike costume of loosely woven tweed, and differing but little in make from year to year, for all the Princess of Wales's daughters remain very faithful to the comfortable Norfolk-jacket, which is surely of all garments of the kind the best adapted to any kind of outdoor sport. The Duchess does not shoot or deer-stalk, as do so many of her more advanced contemporaries, but she is a graceful and fearless horsewoman and an admirable fencer, having been taught, when little more than a child, by that deservedly famous Maître d'Armes, M. Bertrand.

The Duke of Richmond has twice entertained royalty during the present year. The Duke and Duchess of York stayed with him for

Goodwood, and now they have just honoured Gordon Castle with a visit. The Duke of Richmond's Highland seat is said to possess fishings and shootings unequalled in all Scotland. Gordon Castle was, of course, part of the late Duke of Gordon's splendid estates. The last Duke of Gordon, when Marquis of Huntly, entertained the Queen's uncle, King (then Prince) Leopold, in the year 1819. A splendid out-of-door banquet was prepared, and, on a whistle from the Marquis, a hundred Highlanders, hidden amid the heather, sprang to arms, "all plumed and plaided in tartan array." A large family party were asked to meet the Duke and Duchess. The Duke of Richmond is devoted to his children and grandchildren, and during the autumn weeks of every year his great pleasure is to gather them round him at Gordon Castle. This summer he has had the pleasure of entertaining simultaneously his eldest son, Lord March, his grandson, Lord Settrington, and the latter's baby son and heir.

The young Princess who has achieved the distinction of being the only royal lady who has ever actually been in a railway accident in this country belongs to the younger group of Queen Victoria's granddaughters. She is only just one-and-twenty, and at the time of her birth her father was still Duke of Edinburgh. She is the namesake and god-daughter of the Princess of Wales; but she also happens to have been the only one of the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg's children actually born in the Duchy.

Like her two elder sisters, Princess Alexandra was married whilst extremely young—in fact, six months before her eighteenth birthday. The Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg is fifteen years older than his wife, but he and the Princess have many tastes in common. They are both devoted to horses and to riding.

When one considers how much time each royal personage has to spend in travelling, it is really curious how rarely one hears of their being involved even in the most trifling accident. At the same time, it must be remembered that "royal trains" are, of course, carefully guarded from any possibility of mishap. The only really serious railway accident which ever befell a Crowned Head was not, strictly speaking, a railway accident at all. I mean the terrible disaster at Borki, which was really a Nihilist plot to kill the late Emperor of Russia and his whole family.

All good Masons will be interested to learn that the Duke of Connaught (Most Worshipful Past-Grand-Master) has graciously consented to lay with Masonic ceremonial, in May next, the foundation-stone of the new Royal Masonic Institution for Boys at Bushey, for the erection of which so magnificent a sum (over £130,000) was contributed to the Centenary Festival, presided over by the Most Worshipful Grand Master the Prince of Wales, at the Albert Hall last year.

Miss Constance Collier, who was the very charming and effective Rebecca in "The Ghetto," at the Comedy Theatre, is one of the cleverest actresses on the stage to-day. Her methods are broad and artistic, and, popular as she is, she is still very young, only lately having passed her majority. Her beauty is of the Jewish or Gipsy type; her voice is rich and full, and her build massive, though very lithe and graceful. Miss Collier is a native of Windsor, and comes of an old theatrical family. Her greatest success up to date was her beautiful performance as the Gipsy-girl in "One Summer's Day," at the Comedy, and she has also been a handsome Mercia in "The Sign of the Cross," during Miss Maud Jeffries' absence, and has toured with Mr. Collette in "An Ideal Husband," given a vivid picture in "The Conquerors," at the St. James's Theatre, and also played in "A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing."

It was only consistent with her deep love for her children that Madame Réjane should have consented to give her little daughter, Germaine, the opportunity of becoming an actress, and playing side by side with her in "Madame de Lavalette." When she heard her mother discussing the question of the child-actress to be selected for the part, Germaine burst into tears, and said that it was cruel she should not have the place. The wish was granted. There is something beautiful in Réjane's home-life, and no matter what her children's sports may be, she is always their leader. When there was the question of her divorce with Porel, she was obdurate, until friends spoke of the disgrace for the little ones, and at this she broke down and forgave.



MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER, THE HANDSOME ACTRESS WHO CREATED THE PART OF REBECCA IN "THE GHETTO," AT THE COMEDY.

Photo by Haviland, St. John's Wood.



This is the sort of letter that delights my heart, and serves to relieve, in a measure, our anxiety as regards friends and relations in South Africa—

DEAR "SKETCH,"—I am sending the enclosed photo to show you that, notwithstanding

"The Stock Exchange prices!"

"The great Transvaal Crisis!"

And "The terrible rumours of War!"

which we hear and read so much about, up here, in Bulawayo, we still manage to have our "little bit of fun." The photo was taken after a big fancy-dress



PIERROT AND PIERRETTE AT BULAWAYO.

Photo by Turner, Bulawayo.

ball, held in the Grand Hotel; and there being about 250 people, all in fancy-dress, tends to show, I think, that Bulawayo can quite look after itself as regards amusements.—Yours sincerely,

"PIERROT."

The remarks on Boer marksmanship which find their way into the papers led me to turn up a letter which I received over a year ago from a friend in South Africa who was then leaving the Eastern Transvaal after some years' residence. He has done his full share of big-game shooting, and has had abundant opportunity of forming an opinion on the subject he writes about. The rising generation of Boer farmer, he says, is not to be compared as a marksman with his father, whose proficiency with the rifle our troops discovered to their cost in the last war. It is not only that game is less plentiful than it was twenty years ago, though there remains in most districts enough to afford an education in rifle-practice. My correspondent believes that the rising Boer generation is changed in taste and habit, and that comparatively few now have the energy to undertake shooting expeditions for meat. It may be due to the spread of stores, where supplies may be bought by a class which is better off now than formerly; but the important fact remains that the young men whom we are told clamour to be led against the British forthwith number among them very few even respectable shots.

It must have been a sore disappointment to the "Cherry Pickers" that, because of an outbreak of glanders among their horses they are not to go to South Africa, the more so that, owing to the non-employment of European cavalry in the active operations on the Indian frontier, the 11th, though in reserve at the base, had no chance of showing what they were made of. The 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, who take their place, make the third Lancer regiment in the cavalry force, for the 5th (Royal Irish) Lancers have been stationed in Natal for some months, and, of course, the 12th (Prince of Wales's Royal) Lancers are to go out.

The 9th Lancers, who have in past times won more "V.C.'s" than any other cavalry regiment in the Service, were raised in 1715 in the Southern Counties, and their first service—as "Wynne's Horse"—was against a combined English and Scottish force which, under Lord Kenmure, invaded England. In 1806 they were at Monte Video,

where, owing to the mortality among the horses, like the American Rough Riders, they served as infantry. They shared in the ill-fated Walcheren Expedition, and in 1811 embarked for the Peninsula, where they played a most distinguished part. In 1783 they became Light Dragoons, in 1816 Lancers, and in 1830 they received the title of "Queen's Royal," in honour of Queen Adelaide. Since then the record of the 9th has been entirely Eastern, for, with a long list of twelve honours, only one, "Peninsula," is European, the others extending from "Punniar" and "Sobraon" down to "Afghanistan, 1878-80." The 9th took part in Lord Roberts' famous march from Kabul to Kandahar.

Opinions vary as to the fate of the young lion which Mr. Rhodes has "enclosed as a small token of esteem" for the Transvaal Government. Some expect him to be prodded with pins, or have his tail twisted, or be employed as "juvenile lead" in a local bull-fight. On the *timeo-Danaos-et-dona-ferentes* principle, an Irish correspondent suspects him to be inoculated with horse-sickness [or possibly swine-fever.—Ed.], in order to infect the Transvaal. He may be trained to get loose and chew up people in the immediate vicinity. If it is a genuine thing, we may next look to hear of Dreyfus offering a Devil's Island centipede as a gift to the Jardin d'Acclimation, or Aguinaldo presenting the American Government with a stud mosquito.

Here is a more astonishing record than that just published of the L. and N.W. engine-driver who has retired from the foot-plate after fifty years' service. Captain William Speedy, of the Dundee, Perth, and London Shipping Company, though about to celebrate his sixtieth year on the route between Tay and Thames, has not as yet given much thought to retirement. Just bordering on eighty years, the veteran skipper enjoys unbroken good health, and is of a cheery, jovial temperament. Captain Speedy has for many years conducted the Sunday service in the saloon of his ship, and passengers who have listened to his vigorous address, delivered in broad Scotch, and interspersed, as a matter of course, with numerous nautical phrases and similes, are not likely to forget the scene. Devoted to duty, the Captain, though twice a week in London, never goes to the City.

Captain C. F. Cox, in command of the New South Wales Lancers who are training at Aldershot, is a fine, soldierly man, nearly 6 feet 2 in. in height. He celebrated his thirty-sixth birthday on May 2, just about the time of his arrival in England. With him are Lieutenants Rundle and Osborne, both of whom are twenty-three years of age, and had only just received their commissions before leaving Australia.

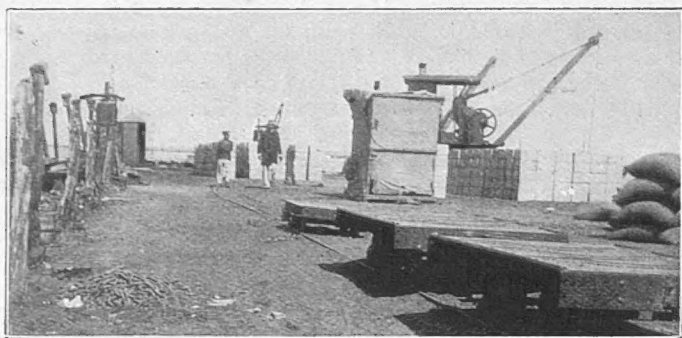


CAPTAIN COX, WHO WILL COMMAND THE NEW SOUTH WALES LANCERS AT THE CAPE.

Photo by Knight, Aldershot.



Particularly interesting at the present time are the two small photographs reproduced on this page of the celebrated ammunition, originally destined for the Transvaal, but detained at Delagoa Bay by the authorities of that place. The ammunition was first landed on the



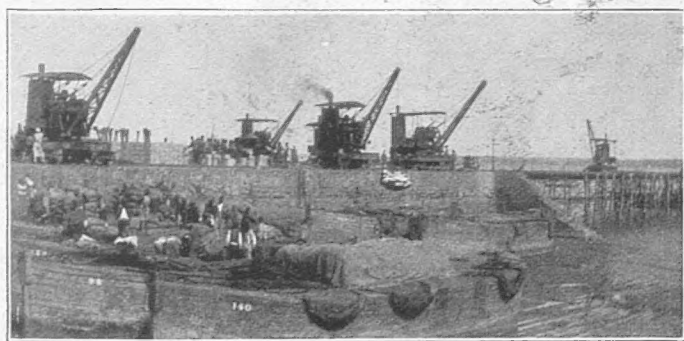
THE TRANSSVAAL AMMUNITION DETAINED AT DELAGOA BAY.  
Photo by Macfarlane, Delagoa.

wharf for the purpose of Custom House tallying, and then the cases were re-embarked in lighters, and put on board the Portuguese transport *India* for safe keeping. I shall forward a copy of *The Sketch* containing these thrilling photographs to one Mr. Kruger, not necessarily to tantalise the old gentleman, but as a guarantee of English humour.

Even when Johannesburg enjoyed a crisis some few years ago owing to the ill-timed efforts of "Dr. Jim," the theatres did not altogether lack patrons, and, in the months of stagnation that followed, good plays found large audiences. "We must go to the theatre even when times are bad," said a popular financier in the course of conversation. "Why?" I asked him. "Because we are bound to keep our spirits up, and have no other way," he replied. I am reminded of this statement by a letter from Frank de Jong, the popular South African impresario, who, despite wars and rumours of wars, is boldly touring through South Africa with a company of nearly sixty performers. Mr. de Jong is a regular visitor to London, and when I met him in town, a few months ago, he told me that he was going out with the largest company ever taken to South Africa.

The impresario is a young man, but he has already learned to gauge the tastes of his audiences, and has enjoyed wonderful success at a time when the stars in their courses have been fighting against both trade and amusement. Mr. de Jong is very popular on the Rand with Uitlanders and Dutchmen alike, but his connection is not limited to the troubled country of Paul Kruger. He is the lessee of the Cape Town Opera House, admitted by one and all to be the finest theatre in all South Africa. He is a pleasant companion, and his travel-stories would fill a volume, for he has been taking talent to South Africa for many years, and his experiences have been as varied as his companies.

Admiral Dewey, who is this week being fêted and bepraised in America in a manner that eclipses the reception accorded or honour done to any previous national hero, has for some time past, owing to his onerous naval duties, been unable to devote attention to his favourite hobby. The Admiral is an enthusiastic collector of butterflies, and his collection, which is said to be the finest in America, is insured for £1600.



RE-EMBARCKING THE CASES TO CONVEY THEM TO THE PORTUGUESE TRANSPORT "INDIA" FOR SAFE KEEPING.  
Photo by Macfarlane, Delagoa.

Here are four lines from a poem, "When Dewey comes Home," written by Mr. A. J. Waterhouse, which has had great vogue in the United States—

He is the strong man the gods in their pity  
Gave us, who needed, our strength to renew,  
As they looked at life's turmoil from out of their city—  
The man with the will and the power to do.

The report that the Russian Government have lodged a protest because our Vice-Consul at Viborg has interested himself too much in the Finland question can hardly be considered strange. A good deal of

interest has been taken in this country in "Russia's Ireland," and Russia doesn't like it. We should object in just the same way if Russia held views about Ireland or the Transvaal, and made us feel them. It is not any question of right or wrong; it is the question of a more or less hostile (or assumedly hostile) State interfering with domestic matters.

As for Finland itself; well, it doesn't do to admit that anything can be said for the Tsar. Yet, mention Finland to a Swede, and see what he will say. It is the old story. Finland used to have Sweden as its King Log, and it chose Russia as King Stork instead. It expected complete freedom and a good many other things from Russia in exchange for some treachery to Sweden (rather black treachery, too), and—well, it hasn't exactly come off. It doesn't—where Russia is concerned. It is, of course, rough on Finland; but if there is one thing more sure than another *not* to help them, it is British sympathy. Fancy Russia supporting Mr. Dillon. Why, every Home Ruler would be shouting, "Down with Russia!"

Though Mr. A. J. Balfour has lately taken to motor-cycling, it should not therefore be inferred that the right honourable gentleman has abandoned, or has any intention of abandoning, his favourite pastime of golf. His ardour for the royal game is, indeed, in no way chilled, as will be fully demonstrated throughout the period of well-merited leisure he is now enjoying. To-morrow, Mr. Balfour will find occasion to say something of his old love, as he is to open a bazaar in Dundee on that day in behalf of the Monifieth Golf Club. The journalists of Dundee are nearly all members of this club, and are to be congratulated on the Book of the Bazaar they have produced and in securing the leader of the House of Commons for the opening function. Mr. Balfour, by the way, is to be made a free burgess of Dundee, and will be entertained by the Corporation at the close of the bazaar ceremony.



MR. FRANK DE JONG.  
Photo by Middlebrook, Durban.

Those who know how great an interest Mr. Alfred and Mr. Leopold de Rothschild take in certain aspects of variety stageland will not be surprised to learn that Mr. Alfred has established a private circus at Halton, his beautiful country-seat. Lord Rothschild does not share his brothers' interest in a like degree, though I have seen him with Lady Rothschild in the corner box nearest the Leicester Street entrance to the Empire Theatre. When Mr. Alfred or Mr. Leopold come to the house, they always occupy this box, which is also reserved for members of the Royal Family when they honour the establishment. Mr. Alfred de Rothschild seldom misses any of the great animal "turns" that come to the Empire, and will doubtless engage the best for his private entertainment. When Mr. Leopold gave a big garden-party at Gunnersbury Park in the summer that has just left us, he had two stages erected in the grounds and a double show was running at the same time. Many of the "turns" came from the Empire Theatre, the splendid orchestra of the house was engaged, and the performances were under the experienced management of Mr. George Capel, who so cleverly controls the Empire's stage. The opening of the Moss and Thornton Hippodrome at the corner of Leicester Square will doubtless bring many more troupes of performing animals to town. It is not, I trust, too much to hope that the S.P.C.A. will endeavour to exercise some supervision or control over the trainers. Many of them are heartless fellows, the sum of whose cruelties would appal a Torquemada. Very little investigation should be necessary to convict certain of the worst offenders. The public has a right to call for activity in this direction from the wealthy society in Jermyn Street.

To "the" or not to "the"—

EDITOR (*reading*). "Shamrock having (let us hope) brought Cup back from United States, *Sketch* can devote itself to war with Transvaal. This, as *Terrible* has just left for Cape, and German Emperor is friendly, may soon be over, and leave us free to cross Channel and see Paris Exhibition." Is this a cablegram?

CONTRIBUTOR. No. But they're dropping "the" before the *Shamrock's* name, and I thought it seemed useless before a lot of other words.

EDITOR. Then contributor of *Sketch* gets salary reduced to-night.



Miss Grace Palotta is unquestionably one of the most popular of the many popular actresses who appear on the stage of the Gaiety Theatre. Her career has been singularly rapid, for she has built up her position in the course of six short years. That position is an assured one in both the upper and lower worlds, for she was perhaps the greatest of all the



MISS GRACE PALOTTA, WHO IS STILL THRILLING LARGE AUDIENCES AT THE GAIETY WITH HER RENDERING OF "THE SOLDIERS IN THE PARK."

Photo by Lafayette, New Bond Street, W.

Gaiety favourites "down under," making an enormous hit in Australia during the tour of the Gaiety Company, which lasted from September 1894 till December 1895, and included the United States, where in Boston and San Francisco Miss Palotta's triumphs were scarcely less pronounced.

Yet she began at the very bottom rung of the dramatic ladder, in the chorus of "Madame Angot," at the Criterion Theatre, in 1893. In the October of the same year she went in a similar capacity to Mr. George Edwardes for the production of "The Gaiety Girl." Chance, in the unexpected illness of one of the leading actresses, enabled her to offer to fill the emergency, and she made an unlooked-for success as Mina, the French girl, which she subsequently played very often. Then followed the tour, in which she not only played Mina, but Mrs. Ralli Carr in "Gentleman Joe," Lady Dodo in "The Shop Girl," and a part which was specially written in for her in "In Town." After her return home—or rather, to London, for Miss Palotta is Viennese by birth—she acted Madame Maintenon, Miss Ada Reeve's part in "All Abroad," at the Court, returning to the Gaiety to play Lady Dodo. After this came Rebecca in "My Girl," and the French Maid in "The Circus Girl." An offer to play the chief woman's part in "My Friend the Prince," on tour, removed her from the Gaiety Theatre; but at Christmas she was back again under Mr. George Edwardes' banner as the "principal boy" at the Croydon Theatre in the pantomime of "Cinderella"—the only pantomime, by the way, which Mr. Edwardes has ever produced, and, not improbably, the only one he ever will produce.

Miss Palotta then returned to the Gaiety for the end of the run of "The Circus-Girl," and has since been appearing as Dorothy Stanley in "A Runaway Girl," in which her singing of the song "The Soldiers in the Park" nightly sets the house in a roar of applause, which is redoubled again and again in the demand for encore-verses.

Off the stage, Miss Palotta is as bright as she is on it. She is an accomplished horsewoman, an ardent bicyclist, and, when the opportunity offers, a yachtswoman into the bargain. She evidently believes in playing as hard as she believes in working hard, and is as popular with her comrades in the theatre as she is with the public—by no means a *sine quâ non* in her profession.

Publishers say that the old appreciative biographies of authors, written by intimate friends, with the flattery laid on with a trowel, will give place to more candid accounts of both faults and virtues. Something, for instance, like: "Smith, though a hard worker, drinks more than is good for him, and is, socially, an unmitigated bounder. The

accuracy of his convict stories, it is whispered, is due to his father having 'done time.' Or, "This affected writer, who has advertised himself into—notoriety, shall we say?—spent a puling youth in yellow journalism. He is unpopular, and, if truth must be told, was pilled at White's Club. Principal recreations: wife-beating and cheating at golf. His clothes are ready-made."

The popular artist, Jan van Beers, was telling me the other day of his favourite hobby. It is a simple and by no means an expensive one. He takes a quiet walk and peers into the window of every fashionable stationer, and buys a box of the latest novelty in writing-paper. At the present moment he is laying in a stock of all the heliotrope papers that are so much in vogue, and contemplates decorating one of his rooms entirely with these in varying tints. Now that the illustrated post-card portrays the events of the hour as quickly as the Press, a French lady appreciates more than a bouquet a hastily scribbled compliment on the back of one of these in order to decorate her chamber. Those of Guérin and the "Fort Châbrol" sold by thousands.

Here is a quaint menu, sent to me by the Hon. Secretary of the Royal Musselburgh Golf Club. The occasion was a dinner given to the members of the Seaton Carew Golf Club on Sept 8 last—

"Tee your Ball."	ROAST BEEF.	ROAST LAMB.
"A Trial Swing."	SILVER SIDE OF BEEF.	"Dormy one."
TOMATO. KIDNEY.	ROYAL MUSSELBURGH PUDDING.	JELLIES AND CREAMS.
"What a Fluke!"	"A Stymie."	CHEESE.
FILLETED HADDOCK.	"All even."	FRUIT.
HALIBUT.		
"Near the Hole."		
SCOTCH HAGGIS AND NIPS.		
"Never up, never in."		

"19th Hole."

The photographs of Mrs. Langtry's Newmarket residence in last week's *Sketch* were attributed, I regret to say, to Mr. Parr. They were actually taken by Mr. Sherborn, the well-known photographer, of Newmarket, to whom my thanks are due for so courteously pointing out the error committed inadvertently.

Mr. A. Dawson Milward, who has been playing the part of the Gay Lord Quex with such success during Mr. John Hare's holiday, is already a London favourite, and, added to unusual histrionic ability, he has the advantage of being one of the tallest actors on the stage, and has a good



MR. DAWSON MILWARD, WHO PLAYED THE TITLE-RÔLE OF "THE GAY LORD QUEX" WHILE MR. JOHN HARE WAS ON HIS HOLIDAY.

Photo by O'Arm, Scarborough.

presence. Mr. Milward was born at Woolwich in 1865, and is the third son of the late Colonel T. W. Milward, R.A., C.B., and Aide-de-Camp to the Queen. He has acted constantly for the last ten years, and played a great variety of parts.



Here are two photographs of the hand of Talma, the "Queen of Coins," who is still amazing the patrons of the Oxford Music Hall. If you study the pictures very closely indeed, it is just possible that you may discover Talma's secret. I intend to try myself when I get time. To be continually playing with hard cash must be a pleasant way of earning one's living.



THIRTY HALF-CROWNS IN THE PALM.  
YET SHE WEARS 5½ GLOVES.  
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

It would surprise Marie de Medicis if she could see her superb Palace of the Luxembourg to-day, with a row of cells built through the middle of the Library, and a Senate judging conspirators charged with trying to set up a Royalty. But the old Palace has seen just as strange things before. A prison under the Terror, its keys were turned on Beaumarnais and his daughter, afterwards the Empress Josephine; on Danton and Camille Desmoulins, who passed out to the scaffold; on Marshal Ney, whom the Second Restoration condemned to be shot. To-day's prisoners are likely to have a softer fate.

M. Armand Fallières, who fills the functions of President of the High Court sitting in judgment on the Royalist conspiracy, is the most conspicuously placed man in France to-day. Until he replaced M. Loubet as President of the Senate, he had scarcely been heard of by the public. He comes from the extreme South of France, as does M. Loubet, as have recently so many other representative men in all walks of life. It is a fact that M. Fallières' little department of Lot-et-Garonne has given five Ministers to five successive Cabinets. Nothing could be more astonishing than the appearance of this man called to try a plot hatched by the Duke of Orleans. He looks like Bret Harte's hero, Gabriel Conroy. He has a large, massive form, with solid shoulders, an honest, candid face, surrounded by blonde curls and lighted by soft blue eyes. The first time he mounted the tribune of the Senate he greatly surprised his audience. He speaks with abundance, clearness, and good sense, in a beautiful sonorous voice—a voice of the Midi, where all are born orators or singers. His attitude is easy, his gesture sober; when interrupted, he replies with good-nature and apropos, and nothing is more curious than to see this amiable giant launch lightly his arrows of wit and his fine repartees.



TALMA'S HAND: DISCOVERING THE  
HALF-CROWNS.  
Photo by Hana, Bedford Street, Strand.

Startling and original were the pyrotechnic novelties presented to the patrons of the Crystal Palace last Thursday evening, on the occasion of Mr. Brock's Benefit. One might have thought that a run of thirty-six consecutive seasons would exhaust even this gentleman's ingenuity, but his stream of wonders seems likely to flow on for some time yet. Mr. Brock's latest idea is to evolve the portraits of prominent men and women of the day from lavish wreaths of posies, the point of the notion lying in the fact that the particular flower chosen is said to be symbolical of the life of the notability evolved.

Thus, Mr. Chamberlain's features grew out of nasturtiums, the emblems of patriotism, while President Kruger, naughtily enough, was painted in rings of fire. I suppose there is no flower representative of Mr. Kruger's political life, unless it be the orchid. The portrait of Mr. Lipton, needless to state, sprang out of shamrock. Then the dear old set-pieces were turned on, and the long-drawn "Oh's!" were turned into shouts of laughter.

Of all the dramas that Dion Boucicault ever wrote—and they were many—perhaps none has had a more lasting success than "The Shaughraun." Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since it was produced at Drury Lane and Wallack's in New York, but it still continues to attract and delight the public in various parts of the English-speaking world. The enduring success of the piece is the best proof of its excellent qualities. The quaint old Irish story always is rapid in its action, and often pathetic in its incident, but a rich vein of native humour underlies the whole. In addition to this, the characterisation is capital: Father Dolan, the priest; Harvey Duff, the police spy; Corry Kinchela, the squireen, are all strongly and realistically drawn; and last, though by no means least, there is Conn the Shaughraun himself—the most romantic figure in the play. His picturesque appearance, his devil-may-care ways, and his undying devotion to his master endear him to the hearts of gallery and boxes alike. He is the soul of every fair, the first-fiddle at all the weddings and patterns, and the life of every funeral. It was a strange irony of fate that ordained that poor Grattan Riggs should take his last farewell of the world's stage when playing Shaun the Post, and with his last breath ask his friends to be blind to his faults, and beg them not to forget poor Conn the Shaughraun.



GRATTAN RIGGS AS CONN THE  
SHAUGHRAUN.  
Photo by Stewart and Co., Melbourne.

Lord Salisbury has not, it is true, been elevated to the dignity of a dukedom, but the fact remains that, in the course of a very few days, the Premier will receive a decided lift-up at the Foreign Office. The wisacres who affected to discover in his Lordship's departure from his usual practice of entering the Foreign Office by the private door on the Horse Guards Parade some lurking desire to court the public gaze at the time of a national crisis were all very wide of the mark. As a matter of fact, the noble Lord was compelled, *nolens volens*, to obtain access by the main entrance because the workmen were engaged at the private door in erecting an elevator for the convenience of the present and all future Premiers.

It is believed that Sir John William Maclure, M.P., was the first to impress upon the First Commissioner of Works the necessity for the introduction of lifts into all departments of the State. I believe that the only Government departments in Whitehall where lifts are employed to convey the weary frames of jaded Civil Servants to a higher, though not of necessity a better place, are the Office of Works at Storey's Gate (a recently erected building which is the successor of the old house in Whitehall Place which has just been demolished), and the office presided over by the Secretary of State for India.

#### TO CONTRIBUTORS.

The Editor is always glad to consider interesting photographs, for which payment will be made at the usual rates. He would urge upon contributors the necessity of clearly indicating on the photographs themselves the subjects represented, with the name and address of the sender; it should also be stated whether the contributor wishes the photo to be returned. Whenever possible, full explanatory notes in manuscript should be sent, in addition to the details written on the photo.



We had a great night at the Palace last Thursday, on the occasion of Mr. Charles Morton's eightieth birthday and bumper "benefit." £1250 was the amount raised, which seems very fair for one night's receipts. The "turns" were indeed many and varied, but I was not altogether satisfied to note that so many of the performers took on the hyper-sentimental tone. Mr. Rutland Barrington's "coon" song and dance came as a genuine relief, and one would not be surprised to hear that the old Savoy favourite had developed into a star music-hall "turn."

Miss Ada Reeve gave us the delightful Eugene-Stratton-in-petticoats business, and, as an encore, told the story of "Trixie of Upper Tooting," which quite brought down the house. But most sporting of all was the pet of Society, Miss Edna May, who not only rushed across from the Shaftesbury to sing "Follow On," but brought all the chorus with her. I have no doubt the Polite Lunatic kept the Shaftesbury audience well amused meanwhile.

Congratulations to Mr. Sidney Cooper, R.A., who yesterday attained his ninety-sixth birthday. The veteran landscapist, who lives at Canterbury, in which town he was born, entered the Royal Academy School seventy-six years ago, a date anterior to the birth of nearly all his brother Academicians; in 1845 he became an Associate, and in 1867 was elected an Academician. In 1890, concurring with the desire of his friends, the nonagenarian painter gave to the world an autobiographic volume, entitled "My Life," and since that date his brush has been as freely and as frequently in use as in the heyday of his manhood. Wonderful to relate, Mr. Sidney Cooper can paint without the use of glasses, and he attributes his longevity to temperate living, industry, and residence out of London. For over forty years he has neither drunk tea nor coffee; porridge he finds very sustaining, and at the same time provocative of a good appetite. Mr. Sidney Cooper, it may be recalled, had four works in last season's Academy, and they were sold for a total sum of over £1000. To the generosity of its venerable and esteemed townsman Canterbury owes its Gallery of Art.

The house, 30, St. James's Square, Edinburgh, recently acquired by the Government in connection with an extension of the Register House, has some historical associations of a very interesting character. It is not, as things go in Edinburgh, an ancient house. It is among the earliest of the New Town buildings, and it is so far fortunate that the object for which it was acquired does not necessitate its demolition, though the south gable will be obliterated by a new house being erected against it. There are four windows in the gable, in line, one on each flat. The

top window of the four in the gable and the two dormers in front are those of the rooms in which the poet Burns resided from September 1787 to February 1788.

It was there that Burns wrote some of the "Clarinda" letters, and it was at the gable window where the poet posted himself, with expectant heart, to watch for the appearance in the street of his innamorata. He had received a severe sprain to his foot, which compelled him to keep to the house. "Clarinda," young married woman as she was, dare not visit him, for fear of scandal; but she had indicated her intention to take a turn past the house and give her "Sylvander," as she called Burns, a sympathetic "nod" up to his window. But, unfortunately for the lovelorn poet, he could not catch Clarinda's eye. "You did not look" (he said to her in a subsequent letter) "to the proper storey for a poet's lodging." "The Muses," he said, "dwell on the top of Parnassus."

The connection of Burns with this tenement gives it an interest to all Scotchmen and lovers of the poet the world over; and, in the movement which the local Pen-and-Pencil Club has begun for marking with suitable tablets the houses in which distinguished men have resided in Edinburgh, this one, it may be hoped, will not be forgotten. But quite recently the discovery was made that the house in which Burns resided in 1787 was that in which Sir Henry Irving lodged in 1857, when he first came to the capital of Scotland, quite a youth, to become a member of the stock company of the Theatre Royal, then under the management of Mr. Robert Wyndham.

These were the days when actors had more work than pay. There was a new piece every night—frequently two—to be got up, and one can easily fancy Mr. Irving, in this

room "roosted near the sky," sitting conning his parts at the very window Burns looked out of with aching heart for a glance from his "Clarinda."

This was the first lodging Sir Henry had in Edinburgh, and he remained in it for six months. He afterwards went to a house in Elder Street, which is not far off, but, not liking it, he removed with his friend Saker to rooms in Leith Walk. Subsequently, with Saker, he went to reside at Johnstone's Temperance Hotel, Waterloo Place, and there he celebrated his twenty-first birthday by giving what the Scots call "a party." Though it was in a temperance hotel, a bumper was pledged to the health of the young actor, who even then was known among his comrades for his devotion to duty, loyalty to his friends, and as a rising man in the profession he has since done so much to adorn.

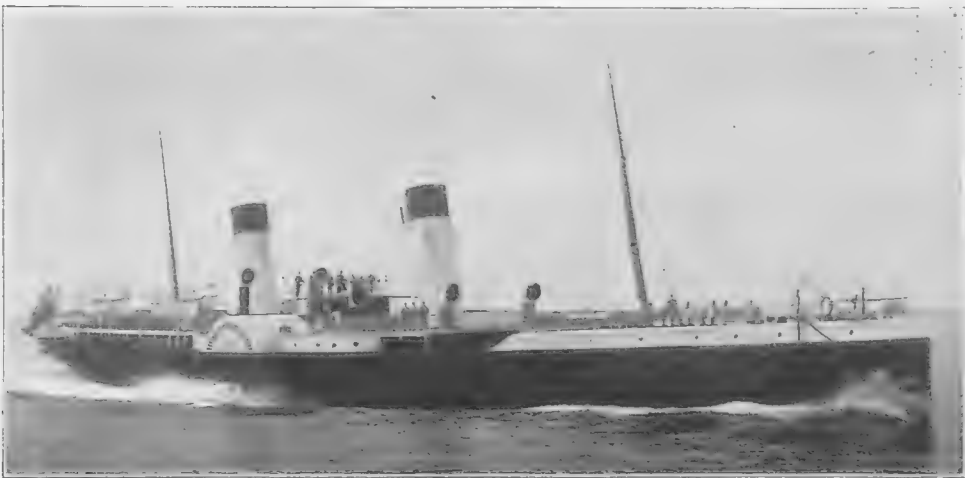


MISS ADA REEVE AT HOME.

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.



The paddle-steamer, *Mabel Grace*, built by Messrs. Laird Brothers, of Birkenhead, to the order of the South-Eastern and Chatham Railways' Managing Committee for use on their Folkestone-Boulogne service, underwent her official trials on the Clyde on Sept. 16 with quite satisfactory results. The vessel is 300 feet long, 36 feet beam, and



THE "MAHEL GRACE," TRIED ON THE CLYDE, SEPT. 16, WITH EXCELLENT RESULTS.

Photo by Adamson, Rothesay.

measures 1920 tons O.M. Her machinery consists of a set of three cylinder compound fixed diagonal engines of large power. The boilers are six in number, four placed forward and two aft of the engines. The passenger accommodation is extensive, and arranged and fitted in a superior manner with all modern improvements. A large deckhouse, extending about seventy feet aft of the paddle-boxes, contains the main saloon and several private cabins, and there is access from this saloon to the dining-saloon below. The ladies' cabin is situated forward of the dining-saloon, with access from the deck by a separate stairway. Second-class passengers are accommodated forward, and for their use a general saloon is provided. The vessel is lighted throughout by electricity, and completed and furnished in all respects as a first-class passenger-steamer.

"The English are the *fin-de-siècle* bandits and pirates. No territory is safe from them."—*Vide Dutch, &c., Press.* "You made us what we are."—*Vide English Press.*

'Twas you who made us stand to arms,  
To swell the ranks, to scarf the keel;  
You forged with fire of false alarms  
Our ramparts of colonial steel.  
You scoffed the flag which once was flown  
O'er ill-kept fort, o'er ships too far,  
And now you curse it since it's grown  
"The bloody oriflamme of war."

Upon the field of England's shame,  
With Peace at any Price for weeds,  
With sacks of jape and jeer you came,  
The Dragon's Teeth you flung for seeds;  
And then—  
You cursed the crop of armed men.

Oh! saint and seer, the good "Oom Paul,"  
Who loves to twist the Lion's tail,  
You swagger even when you crawl,  
You creep, but on Majuba's trail;  
But when, perchance, some Schreiners say,  
"The redcoats in their thousands rise,  
Their fleet's in Delagoa Bay,"  
"Oh! men of blood!" the good man cries.

Upon the field of England's shame,  
With Peace at any Price for weeds,  
With sacks of jape and jeer you came,  
The Dragon's Teeth you flung for seeds;  
And then—  
You cursed the crop of armed men.

With Fritz, good boy, the tiff is o'er;  
Jacques Marchand's stowed upon the shelf;  
And as to Ivan and the Boer,  
'Tis *sauf-qui-peut* and lack of pelf.  
So now you cry, "No war's alarm!  
Britannia cease to be the plague!"  
She trusts not—no, she won't disarm,  
Oh, happy humbug of the Hague!

Upon the field of England's shame,  
With Peace at any Price for weeds,  
With sacks of jape and jeer you came,  
The Dragon's Teeth you flung for seeds;  
And then—  
You cursed the crop of armed men.

Considerable excitement has been aroused in shipping circles at the report, for which there is reasonable foundation, that Messrs. Harland and Wolff, the builders of the *Oceanic*, Belfast, contemplated removing their works to Haulbowline or Montrose. For some time they have been hampered for want of space, and the natural desire for expansion, to be

secured on the spot only with difficulty, has led to their looking further afield. The designer and builder of the *Oceanic*, the Right Hon. William James Pirrie, of the firm of Harland and Wolff, was born at Quebec in 1847. We learn from a sketch in *Cassier* that, on the death of his father, he was brought over to the North of Ireland, when only a year old, and spent his childhood at Conlig, County Down.

He showed a distinct taste for mathematics while attending the Royal Belfast Academical Institution. At fifteen he entered the firm of shipbuilders and engineers of which he is now Chairman and Managing Director, having passed through all the stages of pupil, draughtsman, sub-manager, works manager, partner, and principal.

The Queen's Island Shipbuilding and Engineering Works, Belfast, have the reputation of being the first of their kind in the world, employing about ten thousand men, with a wages bill of £12,000 to £14,000 weekly. As *Cassier* put it, the success of the firm has been his own, and the creation of his own energy, ability, industry, organising power, tact, and judgment. He has been a great traveller,

and made himself familiar with the working of steamships in all parts of the globe.

Lord Arthur Hill will, it is generally supposed, be appointed Governor of Bombay in succession to Lord Sandhurst, who is anxious to retire. It would be an excellent choice, for Lord Arthur Hill is a man of fine presence and great personal charm, while Lady Arthur Hill's social gifts render her equally well-fitted for the duties which would fall to her lot in the



MISS HATTIE MOORE, A "BELLE OF NEW YORK" BEAUTY.

Photo by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

Queen's great Eastern dependency. The Bombay Governorship is perhaps the most difficult to fill of all the Indian Governorships, for practically everyone goes through Bombay both in entering and in leaving India, and the official entertaining is necessarily considerable.





MISS JESSIE MACKAYE, THE CLEVER LITTLE SONGSTRESS WHO IS "SO SAUCY"  
IN "EL CAPITAN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANGFIER, OLD BOND STREET, W.



## BOUND FOR THE CAPE.

## DEPARTURE OF THE "FIGHTING FIFTH."

A war with the Transvaal Government might be, as a small party of politicians protest, a murderous and entirely unjustifiable one, but that certainly did not seem the opinion of the "man in the street" who



DEPARTURE OF THE "FIGHTING FIFTH" FROM THE GOVERNMENT SIDING AT ALDERSHOT.

Photo by J. T. Cumming, Aldershot

hurried to give a last cheer to the boys of the "Fighting Fifth" when they left for South Africa last Saturday.

The Northumberlands were going out in the full expectation of a row; and, what is more, the prospect seemed to afford them an immense amount of pleasure and cause something very nearly akin to envy amongst those whose turn had not yet come, feelings that the crowds who saw them off participated in.

Certainly, spectators had reason for their enthusiasm, as a finer lot of men than those under Colonel Money's command are not to be found in the Service. Of magnificent physique, well-knit, hard and wiry and bronzed, they looked the beau-ideal of what an infantry regiment should be. One could understand that General Sir W. Gatacre's opinion of them, expressed during the campaign before Omdurman, was not a mere empty compliment.

The crowds at Aldershot, where all the world and his wife turned up at the Government Siding to witness the entraining, and at Southampton, were as enthusiastic as could be wished; and, if a man among them had any scruples about the justice of sending soldiers to enforce the Empire's just demands—well, he very wisely kept them to himself, and cheered with the rest.

And, indeed, it was impossible not to cheer, for, although the partings between sweethearts and wives, who tried to smile bravely through their tears, brought a lump to the throat of the most matter-of-fact man there, the schoolboy-like happiness of the men at the prospect of more active service made one proud of being a fellow-countryman of theirs. When at last all farewells were perforce concluded, the last gangways had been cast off, and the *s.s. Gaul* with her burden of stout hearts swung slowly out on to the sunlit tide, one appreciated a little what soldiering meant. Old officers and young, men and women, and even children, joined in a cheer, such a cheer as made one's spine thrill, and then back from the crowded decks came an answering roar that drowned the crash of brass which was plaintively wailing the soldier's good-bye. "For Auld Lang Syne" and then "The Girl I Left Behind Me," cheers volleying like thunder across the space 'twixt ship and shore, and then silence which almost hurt as the vessel, with her bulwarks a patch of blood-red, grew smaller, until she was a mere speck on the white-crested green sea to the straining eyes of

father, wife, sweetheart, and sister who waved a flutter of rippling farewells to the lads of the "Old and Bold."

LIEUT.-COLONEL C. G. C. MONEY, C.B.,

who commands the 1st Northumberland Fusiliers, joined the service nearly twenty-seven years ago, but his chance of active service did not come until the beginning of the Sirdar's victorious campaign to Omdurman.

Then he commanded that regiment, which formed part of Major-General Lyttleton's Brigade, and for his services was mentioned in despatches and received a C.B. He wears the British and Egyptian medals with clasps. Since that time he has been with his regiment in Crete and at Aldershot, and earned yet more golden opinions by the way his men worked during the recent manœuvres on Salisbury Plain.

The second in command of the "Fighting Fifth" is

MAJOR THE HON. C. LAMBTON, D.S.O.,

who joined the Army in November 1877, and has served with the Northumberlands in the Soudan and Crete. He gained his D.S.O. at Omdurman, and is one of the most popular of as popular a lot of officers as any in the service.

MAJOR G. L. S. RAY,

Adjutant of the battalion, has been soldiering only since 1887, but his promotion has been fairly rapid. For his part in the Omdurman campaign he was given a brevet-majority, and now goes to the Cape again as Adjutant to his battalion, a position which he has held since October 1895.

LIEUT.-COLONEL THE EARL OF AIRLIE,

who now commands the "Supple Twelfth," is perhaps one of the smartest cavalry officers in the service. Originally a 10th Hussars man, he has seen much fighting, his experiences in Afghanistan and Egypt having gained him distinctions, promotion, and as nice a "breast of medals" as many who are years his senior.

Joining the 10th Hussars in 1875, he served with that regiment in the Afghan War of 1878-79, was present at the attack and capture of Ali Musjid and the Battle of Fettehabad, for which he wears the medal and clasp. In 1884 he was Adjutant of the 10th and saw service in the Soudan, where he took part in the Battle of Tamai, his decorations for this campaign being the English medal and clasp, the fourth class of the Medjidie, and the Khedive's star. During the Nile Expedition, under the lamented General Sir Herbert Stewart, Lord Airlie acted as Brigade Major, was slightly wounded in the square at Abu Klea Wells, and, later, during the reconnaissance on Metemmeh. He was twice mentioned in despatches, and rewarded for excellent services with a brevet of Colonel, besides gaining two more clasps for his Egyptian medal.

COLONEL EDWARD WARD, C.B.,

an officer of experience and ability, who for the past six years has acted as Deputy-Assistant-Adjutant-General on the Home District Staff, has just left England for Natal to assume the duties of Disembarkation Officer at Port Elizabeth. It is with the utmost pleasure we print portraits of these distinguished officers in *The Sketch*.



DISCONTENTED UITLANDERS: FROM A SOUTH AFRICAN PHOTOGRAPH.



PREPARING FOR THE BOERS.

*From Photographs by Charles Knight, Aldershot.*



THE 12TH ROYAL LANCERS SHOWING HOW THE HORSE FORMS A PROTECTION FOR THE MAN WHILE FIRING.



THE 62ND FIELD BATTERY IN KHAKE, THE UNIFORM SPECIALLY SUITABLE FOR THE CAPE.



THE 2ND DEVONS AND THEIR MACHINE-GUN AT ALDERSHOT.



MISS SNYDER AS THE "BOWERY GIRL" IN "THE BELLE OF NEW YORK."

*In this dress Miss Snyder captivates all the Bowery Boys, and draws numerous lovers of real artistic talent to the Shaftesbury Theatre.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.





MISS SNYDER IN PRIVATE LIFE.

*Here we see that Miss Snyder can look quite as graceful in walking-costume as in rags, and adorn a drawing-room as well as an alley.*

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS AND WALERY, BAKER STREET, W.

## PREPARING FOR THE BOERS.



SUPPORTS (WEST YORKSHIRE) READY TO ADVANCE.



THE 62ND FIELD BATTERY OF THE ROYAL ARTILLERY: ARTILLERY AND INFANTRY WAITING TO DEPLOY.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.



PREPARING FOR THE BOERS



THE "BLACK WATCH," WHO ARE UNDER ORDERS FOR THE CAPE, AT FRENSHAM, NEAR ALDERSHOT.



THE "BLACK WATCH" IN RESERVE.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. T. CUMMING, ALDERSHOT.



Major Lambton (2nd in command).

Colonel Money.

Major Ray (Adjutant).

THE OFFICERS WHO WILL COMMAND THE NORTHUMBERLAND FUSILIERS AT THE CAPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.





COLONEL KITCHENER (THE SIRDAR'S BROTHER).  
WHO WILL COMMAND THE WEST YORKSHIRE REGIMENT IN THE EVENT OF ITS GOING TO THE CAPE.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.



THE NEW ACT-DROP AT DRURY LANE THEATRE, REPRESENTING THE NINE MUSES.

PAINTED BY HERB KRAMSKY, OF VIENNA.





MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH.

WHO PLAYS IN "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS" AT DRURY LANE WITH GREAT DRAMATIC FORCE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WINDOW AND GROVE, BAKER STREET, W.

## OFF TO THE CAPE.



COLONEL WARD, C.B., APPOINTED DISEMBARKATION OFFICER AT PORT ELIZABETH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY DODINGTON, UPPER STREET, N.



OFF TO THE CAPE.



LIEUT.-COLONEL THE EARL OF AIRLIE, 12th (PRINCE OF WALES'S ROYAL) LANCERS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES KNIGHT, ALDERSHOT.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER IN THE FIRST ACT OF "THE GHETTO,"  
AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.Y.





MRS. BROWN-POTTER IN THE LAST ACT OF "THE GHETTO,"

AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LALLIE GARET-CHARLES, TITCHFIELD ROAD, N.W.

# "THE SKETCH" COMEDIES.

## THE BARN-DOOR HEN.

BY GRACE FORDHAM-SPENCE.

SCENE: *Breakfast-room in handsome country-house. Miss Constance and Miss Kate Freeling, two pretty girls of any type you please, aged about twenty-one and twenty-two, are breaking their fast. They are dressed in excellent style. Breakfast is laid for five persons.*

KATE (*the younger girl*). I can't see why the men should be late for breakfast; shaving takes less time than waving one's hair, and, besides, we've heaps more things to put on.

CONSTANCE. Yes, I wish they were down; for papa, though always late himself, is vexed if he is not down the last.

KATE. Mr. Erriss isn't generally late. Indeed, I have noticed that he and you sometimes are quite startlingly over-punctual.

CONSTANCE. Nonsense, you silly girl!

KATE. Certainly, nonsense. It is nonsense for a girl to keep two fellows, both of good family, both fairly good-looking, both rich, dangling on her string; and it's awfully selfish, when there aren't enough decent men to go round.

CONSTANCE. But it's very pleasant to have two beaux to one's string.

KATE. Well, you'll have to make up your mind soon. It's ridiculous and unfair to the men, and they're beginning to hate one another. They used to be friends.

CONSTANCE. It's hardly your business, unless you propose to take the one I don't accept.

KATE (*haughtily*). Thank you, I don't want second-hand sweethearts.

CONSTANCE. Wise child! It's ever so hard to make up one's mind. When one of them tries to begin to say something that would drive me to a corner, somehow I promptly think of the other. But I have a presentiment—

KATE. Fudge! Presentiments are illogical.

CONSTANCE. And so is love! A presentiment that this business of the ball to-night will settle the matter. I am sure, somehow, that, in the efforts of the two to find something remarkable in the way of a character for me, I shall discover which loves me the most.

KATE. But which will you take—the one you like best, or the one who loves you most?

CONSTANCE. The one who loves me most will be the one I like best, and the one I like best will be the one who loves me most.

KATE. I think it's all nonsense this business of going to a ball as the title of a play. I think I'll stick straws in my hair and go as "Crazed."

CONSTANCE. I'm not sure, dear, that you need trouble about the straws.

KATE. Very witty, my dear! Talking of straw, may I suggest that you go as Issachar?

CONSTANCE. Why Issachar?

KATE. An ass between two bundles of hay.

CONSTANCE. A bundle of hay between two asses would be more accurate and amiable, and Issachar isn't a play; and besides—

KATE. Oh, you're always so awfully accurate!

CONSTANCE. Which is no reason why you should always be so awfully incorrect.

KATE. Oh, bother! As for your sweethearts, Mr. Champneys might stick some saxifrage in his coat and go as "London Assurance."

CONSTANCE. Thank you; and Mr. Erriss?

KATE. He might wear a braid-striped uniform and go as "One of the Best." (*She goes to her sister and kisses her.*) I'm so sorry I was rude, you old darling; but I'm anxious you should not make a mistake.

CONSTANCE. You dear child! I know all about that.

KATE. Well, better butter me some toast as a sign of forgiveness.

CONSTANCE. Oh, here's one of the men! I wonder which?

KATE. I can tell before he enters the room; if it's Mr. Champneys, he'll pause outside the door half-a-minute, I believe to twiddle up his moustache.

[*Enter Mr. Champneys, a rather handsome young man, somewhat overdressed, in a town-imagined country-suit; he has a languid air and drawling voice.*]

CHAMPNEYS. Good morning, ladies; good morning. I can see you have slept well, by the brightness of your eyes.

KATE. Thank you; I can see you have slept ill by the lateness of your coming down. Did you dream of me last night—or this morning?

CHAMPNEYS. Oh yes! Of course, of course!

KATE. I thought you would, after two helps of lobster-salad just before bed-time!

CHAMPNEYS. Oh no! It was quite a delightful dream I dreamt.

CONSTANCE. I don't think a man ought to tax his powers of inspiration on an empty—I mean, before breakfast.

[*Enter JAMES, the butler, who hands a small packet to Mr. Champneys.*]

JAMES. This, sir, has come by registered post; I've signed for it.

[*Champneys puts the packet by his plate, and begins to butter some toast.*]

KATE. Oh, you can open your packet now, if you like. I know you are dying to see what's in it.

CHAMPNEYS. Oh, but I know already.

KATE. But we don't, and Connie is just wild with curiosity, because she thinks it has something to do with the silly ball. What are you going as, Mr. Champneys? I suggest you should go as "The Degenerates."

CHAMPNEYS. Pray why?

KATE. Because you use scent in the country, as if the odour of our flowers were too *bourgeois* for you.

CONSTANCE. You are a very rude girl!

CHAMPNEYS. Oh, it does not matter; she's always pulling my leg.

KATE. Indeed, I wouldn't touch such a lath of a leg as that!

CONSTANCE. But do tell us, Mr. Champneys, has the packet got something to do with the ball?

CHAMPNEYS. Perhaps, and perhaps not.

KATE. You shouldn't use your subtle London epigrams on two poor little country maids. It isn't fair.

CHAMPNEYS. You're too sharp. I'll give you three guesses about what's in the packet.

KATE (*sharply*). A moustache-trainer, a bottle of scent, or—

CHAMPNEYS. Or?

KATE. Or a pocket-mirror. You shall wear it on your chest, and go as "The Glass of Fashion." You'll get the girls round you for once in your life.

CHAMPNEYS (*to Constance*). Sweet girl, your sister! I think she ought to carry a broken lute, and go as "The Taming of the Shrew."

KATE. I should need a regiment of Petruchios such as you to tame me—and then they'd only break me.

CONSTANCE. Never mind her, Mr. Champneys; I can't guess. Do open the packet; I'm sure it's some charming idea.

[*He removes string and paper, and a jewel-case appears. He opens it and shows a ring with a large pink pearl.*]

CONSTANCE. Oh, how beautiful!

KATE. What's that?

CHAMPNEYS. That's a pink pearl—"The Great Pink Pearl." I want your sister to wear it to-night, and go as "The Great Pink Pearl," Raleigh's play.

CONSTANCE (*a little embarrassed*). Oh, but it's altogether too splendid!

KATE. I want to look at the thing. I never saw a pink pearl before. (*She takes the ring and walks to the window.*)

CONSTANCE (*speaking in a low voice*). It really is too splendid. Everybody would notice it at once.

CHAMPNEYS. I want them to.

CONSTANCE. But that would give away the secret.

CHAMPNEYS. I want the ring to tell my secret—a secret, perhaps, of Polichinelle to you. I want you to wear the ring always, as—

[*Before he finishes his phrase, and whilst he is trying to take her hand, KATE runs back.*]

KATE. I don't think much of your big pearl, even if it cost a lot of money. It's no prettier than a bit of pink coral. You had better have made it "The Great Ruby"—that would be something fine! I wonder what Mr. Erriss's surprise will be.

CHAMPNEYS. He's very late this morning. [*Enter Butler.*]

BUTLER. Please, miss, I sent up to tell Mr. Erriss that breakfast was waiting. It appears he is not in his room, and his bed has not been slept in.

CHAMPNEYS. That's a pretty state of things! But I suppose we London fellows ought to make allowances for the country gentlemen. No doubt they find it dull down here, and a little jaunt to town by the Tuesday midnight express may be agreeable; but it's unlucky to miss the morning-milk train back.

CONSTANCE. I don't think that is a very pretty suggestion to make, Mr. Champneys.

KATE. I think it's awfully mean. Oh, here he is!

[*Enter Mr. Erriss, with a gun in one hand and the other behind his back. His clothes look damp, there are large mud-stains on them. He is a tall, well-built fellow, good-looking, and aged about thirty.*]





[Drawn by Tom Browne.]

WAYSIDE IRONY

"I know a man who reads every word of Puffer's speeches."  
"Great Scott! Who is the fool?"  
"Puffer!"

ERRISS. You must excuse my appearing in such a state, but Blaydes said you were asking for me. I am afraid this is rather a surprise.

CONSTANCE (*rather sternly*). I may admit that this is a surprise. This is the first time that a guest of ours has spent the night out of the house without giving any warning to us.

KATE. Well, anyhow, Connie, Mr. Champneys' kind suggestion was wrong. He has not been to town in such a get-up. Go and stand near the fire, Mr. Erriss—you look cold—and I'll give you some hot coffee.

ERRISS. You see, Miss Freeling, it's all about this ball. I wanted to give you something of a surprise, and arrange something a little out of the common. You know Ibsen's play, "The Wild Duck"?

CHAMPNEYS. Can't say I ever heard of it.

KATE (*sharply*). We should not expect you to, Mr. Champneys; it isn't a musical farce.

ERRISS. Well, I thought it wouldn't be a bad idea if you went as "The Wild Duck." You see, I wanted to arrange something that would give me the pleasure of taking a little trouble on your behalf.

KATE (*nudging CONSTANCE aside*). He's a bit of a duck, dear, and perhaps you could tame him.

ERRISS (*continues*). So, after you had gone to bed, I took my gun, let it down by the blind-cord, then climbed down the water-pipe and got out of the house. I walked to the marshes, and knocked up old "one-armed Jim," as they call him, got him to lend me his duck-punt, and went down the river to the estuary, where I waited for the ducks to pass.

CONSTANCE. It must have been frightfully cold; it was freezing.

ERRISS (*laughs*). It was a bit cold; indeed, I finished my flask. At the first streak of dawn, up came some ducks. I let them have a right and left.

CHAMPNEYS. And missed?

ERRISS (*smiles*). I made an awfully bad shot, but brought one down.

CONSTANCE. I daresay your hand shook a little with the cold.

KATE (*nudges her, and whispers*). Or the emotion.

ERRISS (*continues*). But you know what Ibsen says about the wild ducks, when shot, diving down to the bottom and biting themselves fast to the weeds—well, the bird fell into the marshes.

CHAMPNEYS (*who has not noticed that ERRISS keeps his left hand behind his back*). And got lost?

ERRISS. I fastened up the punt and went after the bird. Ouf! how filthy the marshes are! and, of course, there was next to no light. After a long search—

CONSTANCE. Yes, yes; go on!

ERRISS. I got my wild duck, and here it is. (*He brings his hand from behind his back and produces the bird.*) When I got back to the river, I found that the punt had broken loose—I had tied it up badly—so I had to swim and wade a long way down the river for it. I had a rather tough paddle up, for both the oars were gone, and I had nothing but a bit of board to use against the stream. However, here am I, just arrived, and here's the duck.

CHAMPNEYS. Yes; but your duck is a little after the fair.

KATE. Can't the fair go a little after the duck?

CHAMPNEYS. Miss Freeling has promised to go to the ball as "The Great Pink Pearl," and I have brought the pearl.

CONSTANCE. I certainly have not promised, Mr. Champneys.

CHAMPNEYS. As good as promised.

KATE. You should say, "as bad as promised," Mr. Champneys, for she had no right to promise till Mr. Erriss showed his hand. (*KATE snatches the ring from the table and runs to the window, saying*) Come here, Mr. Champneys; I want you to tell me the difference between this famous pink pearl and a piece of coral. [*CHAMPNEYS follows her.*]

ERRISS (*turns to CONSTANCE and says*) Which is it to be, Miss Freeling, pearl or feathers?

CONSTANCE. Are you very anxious I should go as "The Wild Duck"?

ERRISS. I would give all the world that you should go as *my* Wild Duck.

CONSTANCE. Perhaps I might be "The Wild Duck" at the ball, but I'll never be your Wild Duck, Mr. Erriss.

ERRISS (*earnestly*). Oh, don't say that!

CONSTANCE. Perhaps, if you wished it very, very much, I might, one day, be something more domesticated—such as your barn-door hen.

ERRISS (*seizing both her hands, and squeezing them a moment*). Thank you; I will thank you with all my life, Miss Freeling!

KATE (*sharply turning round*). Mr. Champneys, I am afraid I shall have to wear the Pink Pearl for you, for I see that Connie is going as "The Wild Duck," and Mr. Erriss will accompany her as "An Ideal Husband," or the pair may go as "Engaged."

CHAMPNEYS (*savagely*). I shan't go to the confounded ball.

KATE. Oh, you'll have to go as "Michael and his Lost Angel"!

(*CURTAIN.*)

## HOES D'ŒUVRES.

The last useful words of diplomacy have been spoken in the Transvaal question. What next and next? Probably there will be an interval of suspense while the forces are gathering for the fight, unless the Boers precipitate matters by crossing the border. If they were to do this, it might be best in the end for all parties. While the British troops within reach are not enough to invade the Transvaal with good chances of success, they are probably well able to repel any inroad that the Boers are capable of organising. A Boer force is not suited, even with the very latest thing in field-batteries, to the assault of intrenched positions; nor is it well adapted for invading a partially hostile country. A raid over the border would probably be made with a small and rather disorderly force; and if such a force were promptly and soundly beaten, the warlike zeal of the Boers, founded on ignorance of their own weakness and of the strength that can be opposed to them, would receive a sudden check.

If the question were one of the extinction of the Boer "nation"—a nation which, by the way, would about fill a suburb of London, and by no means one of the biggest suburbs—desperation in resistance and heavy losses might be expected. But the fancy picture that Olive Schreiner draws of the thirty thousand brave and pious Boers (with or without a few hundred German mercenaries) dying in their last ditch is not in the least likely to be realised. The Dutch have fought desperately, both at home and abroad, when it was a question of life and death, as in their revolt against Spain, and the fight of "Dingaan's Day." But a considerable proportion of them welcomed, or at least, accepted, British annexation to save them from the Zulus, and so it will be again. As a matter of fact, the average Boer will not suffer at all, except in his feelings, by becoming a British subject; and that is the worst that can happen to him by defeat. Victory may give him, so he dreams, the lordship of South Africa. Therefore he fights, but I doubt whether he will fight very hard, especially if beaten at the outset. If he does not solve the situation by rushing into defeat, it will be best to confront him with an obviously overwhelming force, so that he may yield without feeling too sore over the matter—as the Hanoverians did in 1866 after winning at Langensalza.

There is no particular danger of complications at present. Germany, officially, is with us, and, journalistically, her few unfriendly voices may, without much lack of charity, be referred to fear that the secret-service fund of the Transvaal may dry up at the source. France disapproves of us, of course; but then France always does, and it doesn't count. Russia knows nothing about the Transvaal, and will hardly cause trouble in China on the strength of South African disputes; for the British Navy will not be occupied on the veld. The British colonies (always excepting the Schreiner family) are anxious to take a hand; not that, as the gifted but somewhat spiteful Olive says, England cannot settle her Boer difficulty without Canadian and Australian help, but simply because Canada and Australia, being loyal, do not like to be left out when an Imperial quarrel is on hand. Also, there are not a few Australians, and perhaps some Canadians, among the Outlanders, and they have written home to their kin.

Thus, the active allies of the Transvaal will be few. Mr. Labouchere will display the fervour of his hereditary (Dutch) patriotism; Mr. Courtney will talk of what he would do and feel if he were a Boer, and will prove that the change could be effected by a simple transposition of two letters. Mr. John Morley has rather given himself away by declaring for the five years' franchise. Olive Schreiner will write like a masculine Frederick Harrison, and Frederick Harrison will orate like a feminine Olive Schreiner; and Mr. Davitt will buzz like an angry gnat, and nobody will pay any attention to any of them. Our business is simply to extinguish an anachronism, with as little suffering to individuals as possible. The Boers are out-of-date. They have several times tried to adapt their environment to themselves, and with some success, till the environment, black and white, objected. But they have never attempted to adapt themselves to their environment, and therefore they will have to disappear. Mr. Herbert Spencer stands up for them; but it is as an unsociable man rather than as a social philosopher. Otherwise, he would see that the dominion of a race of fighting farmers over a modern industrial community is contrary to all his own most cherished doctrines.

The Boer is, by ingrained character, a modern reproduction of the Spartan, except for the more rigid rules of the system of Lycurgus. He is a slaveholder in temper, craving for patriarchal despotism over an isolated family of children and serfs on a lonely farm. Such a man may exhibit many of the more disagreeable virtues; but the present century has no use for him. He might be preserved in an area set apart, as the American buffalo is in the Yellowstone Park, but he wants too much area. He feels cribbed, cabined, and confined in a country the size of France, and yet his numbers are ridiculously small.

Antiquarian survivals are interesting; but, when they take to swaggering round with Mauser rifles, they become nuisances and must be abated, not as individuals, but in their corporate capacity—scientifically and without anger, but completely abated.

MARMITON.





MISS BEATRICE FERRAR, NOW SCORING HEAVILY IN "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS," AT DRURY LANE THEATRE.  
*Photo by Russell and Sons, Windsor.*



MISS DORA BARTON, WHO PLAYS VERY PRETTILY IN "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."  
*Photo by Page Croft, Birmingham.*



"PAUL JONES," THE DELIGHTFUL OPERA WHICH HAS JUST BEEN REVIVED AND TAKEN ON TOUR BY MR. TEMPLER SAXE AND A MOST TALENTED COMPANY.

*Photo by Harry C. Ellis, Stamford Street, S.E.*

## HOW WILD ANIMALS ARE TRAINED.

Few are aware that the business of performing with wild beasts is one that can be learned like any other. Away in the Neuer Pferdemarkt, in Hamburg, is a great garden stored to the full with big game of every kind. For over thirty years Mr. Carl Hagenbeck has devoted himself to trading in wild and rare beasts, and to-day he supplies nearly every menagerie in the world. One branch of his business is the training of wild-beast performers, and most of the lion-tamers of Europe and America have passed through his hands.

I recently asked Mr. Hagenbeck to tell me the secret of wild-beast training. I was amused to notice the matter-of-fact way in which he speaks of the business. It is to him a mere nothing, and he declares that anyone who wishes can become in time a lion-tamer. "The only proper way to train wild animals is to study and to thoroughly understand them. The old idea that you can subdue a wild beast by gazing in its eyes is sheer nonsense. There is no such occult power in the human eye. The club and whip system of training beasts does not answer. You may get them to do some tricks, but the method is too dangerous, and it has led to most of the accidents in animal shows. If you knock a savage beast about, it will look out for a chance of making things even with you, and such a chance is sure, sooner or later, to come. In training lions or tigers, you have, of course, to start with them when they are very young. If you do not take a cub in hand when it is a few months old, you can do nothing with it. No one attempts to make an old lion, caught after it has reached maturity, learn tricks for public performance. This little cub, for instance"—

and Mr. Hagenbeck put his hand in the cage of a young tiger and played with it—"this tiger has already been in training for some months."

I came to you, wanting to become a lion-trainer, for instance, how would you teach me?"

"First of all, you would have to help generally about the garden, so as to get to know animals and their ways. Then you would be placed under the man who attends to the lions, and so you would, in time, learn all about them. Given the right teaching, any man with the necessary nerve and patience can become a trainer

"As an instance, some time ago a relative of mine came to me requesting that I should find him something to do in my garden. Certainly, I told him; it would be a good opportunity for him to learn the lion-training business. 'I'm not joking,' he said. 'Neither am I,' I replied. 'You let me put you through, and we will manage it all right.' Well, in a few months he was so able a performer, though he had known nothing of the business at all before, that I took him over to Chicago to perform with the lions there during the Exhibition. The strangest part, however, was that, a day or two before the opening of the Exhibition, he fell ill with typhoid fever, and I had to carry him away to a hospital, and, at short notice, take his part myself.

"It is absolutely necessary that the wild-animal performer should continually be in contact with his beasts, and should get to know them

out and out. Animals are liable to fits of temper, and then, if they are not very carefully handled, they will cause trouble. Where you have a number of great beasts of different kinds performing together, you must be specially careful. Some of my groups include Somali, Senegal, and Nubian lions, Bengal and Siberian tigers, Indian leopards, Polar, Tibet, Sloth, and Russian bears, besides hyenas and boar-hounds. Of course, in such a group as this, one troublesome beast may



MR. CARL HAGENBECK.

Photo by Theod. Reimers, Hamburg.



BREAKFAST-TIME: LIST AND HIS HAPPY FAMILY.



LIST'S PYRAMID.



A LITTLE BIT OF SUGAR FOR THE BEAR.

From Photographs by H. J. Barby.

cause a great disturbance. The only thing to do is to notice when one of the animals is getting nasty, and to put it on one side and give it a rest for a while.

"I once had a very painful illustration of an elephant's fit of temper. I used to go to a pet elephant each day and feed it with sweets, after which it would lift me gently up and deposit me on a barrier. One day, the elephant, unknown to me, had evidently been worried by someone. I called him, as usual, 'Andrew, komm.' He came, and, putting his trunk around me, lifted me high in the air. Then he brought me down in savage fury full force on the barrier. The barrier was smashed with the blow. It was three months before I recovered from that sudden descent.

"Know your animals, treat them well, and reward them when they do their tricks successfully—that is the whole secret of animal-training."

I was specially interested to note the quiet and assured way in which Mr. Hagenbeck's trainer, Mr. Richard List (whose portrait is given in the accompanying pictures), went through his performances with the bears and lions. There was no air of bravado, no bullying or coercing with whips. He walked amidst his pens of bears or lions as



HIS MAJESTY'S MORNING RIDE: LEO EN-LIST-ED.



MRS. LIST AMONG THE ANIMALS.

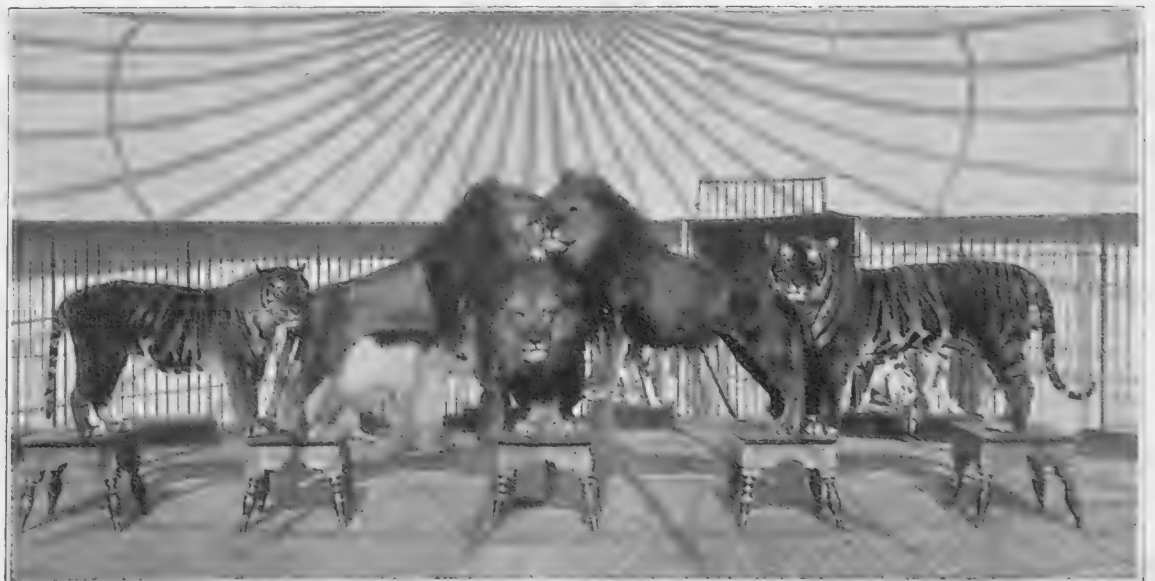
calmly as another man would among cats or dogs. The animals did his bidding as though they enjoyed the performances, and, when they had done, they looked to the trainer for their reward. And that reward Mr. List always had ready for them.

FRED A. MCKENZIE.

#### THE "BLACK WATCH."

The "Black Watch" detailed for service in South Africa are not the famous "Forty-twas," but the old 73rd (Perthshire) Regiment. The 42nd had originally a 2nd Battalion, raised in 1758, which, after serving at Martinique and Guadeloupe, and assisting in the conquest of Canada in 1760, was disbanded in 1763. The battalion was afterwards re-embodied and served in India, in 1786 being styled "The 73rd Highland Regiment of Foot." The 42nd subsequently had at different periods two other

2nd Battalions, afterwards absorbed in the regiment; but the 73rd, though for a time wearing the "Black Watch" tartan, had different facings, and in its turn had a 2nd Battalion, which was at Waterloo, Quatre Bras, and in South Africa in 1846-7 and 1851-3. The 73rd itself served at Ceylon, Pondicherry, and Seringapatam, but abandoned the Highland dress in 1809. In 1881 the Territorialisation scheme came into force, and the 73rd became once again the "2nd Battalion of the Black Watch," and may claim to have added the first three "honours" to the roll—both battalions being present at Waterloo—also "South Africa 1846-7 and 1851-3." Major-General Wauchope, who commanded the Highlanders at Atbara and Khartoum, was until then Lieut.-Colonel of the 2nd Black Watch, though his first war-service was with "Russell's Regiment" in Ashanti, and afterwards on the Staff. In 1882-4 and 1884-5, however, he was with the "Forty-twas" in Egypt, being severely wounded at El Teb ("mentioned" and promoted), and again at Kirbikan.



A GRAND TABLEAU.  
From Photographs by H. J. Barbey.



## THREE LITERARY FOES OF DREYFUS.

The moral tornado raging in France has not left the French Academy intact. Two members in particular have departed from the traditions of that grave body and become violent leaders of the political reaction. They are the poet, François Coppée, and the dramatic critic, Jules



M. JULES LEMAÎTRE,  
THE WELL-KNOWN FRENCH DRAMATIC CRITIC.  
Photo by Nadar, Paris.

Lemaître. These two men are Anti-Republican and Anti-Semite. It was they, with Brunetière, the editor of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, that organised the league of the "Patrie Française" as a catapult to make a breach over the body of Dreyfus for the entrance of the Duke of Orleans. Their league has been broken up by the Government, and it is not yet known how far they are compromised in the Royalist plots that will be inquired into by the High Court of the Senate. In their quality of Academicians they stand out from among the other rampant enemies of the Republic.

As to François Coppée, no French poet living stands higher for the value of his work, and, before recent events, none stood higher in public esteem. He looks like a priest, is a bachelor, and, if he had gone into orders, would

in all probability to-day be a high functionary of the Church. His temperament is of the seventeenth century, and he trumpets more than is necessary his attachment to dogmas. His poetry is of the romantic school, and if wanting in originality, is scrupulously correct in form.

Known at twenty, Coppée has come a long, wearisome road to substantial success, and to-day, at fifty-eight, his honours are scarcely ten years old. He has written several dramas in verse, notably one called "For the Crown." This drama was made known to the public by the Government itself, who mounted it at the Odéon, and this same drama has recently served, being a Royalist theme, as a document for propaganda against the Government. Printed in the form of a newspaper, and illustrated in colours, it has been sold for a penny by criers on the street. This is one of the most curious facts of the day.

Jules Lemaître, sceptic by temperament and by trade, was petted, flattered, fêted, and celebrated as a wit till the day the whim took him to become a political leader. It was at the moment of M. Loubet's election.

Lemaître issued, as President of the "Patrie Française," a manifesto which had no other political signification than to formulate a personal insult to M. Loubet, and to show that M. Lemaître had floundered out of his element. He has taken his pen to the *Echo de Paris*, where he makes, with the ex-Magistrate, Quesnay de Beaurepaire, and the ex-artist of the *Figaro*, Forain, part of a collectivity whose scandalous polemics against Dreyfus have done their part to bring down on France the reprobation of the world. M. Lemaître complains bitterly that his old friends do not speak to him as they pass by, and that he dare no longer attend the sittings of the Academy for fear of the cold shoulders that are turned to him there.

M. Brunetière is more cautious in temperament than his two colleagues just mentioned of the "Patrie Française," and is not as much compromised with the public. On a trip to America, some little time ago, he took the occasion to deliver a tirade against Zola there, which did neither Zola nor himself great harm. America is a long way from France. M. Brunetière is known as a disciple of Bossuet.

Indeed, his lectures on the great prelate were for a time the fashionable feature of the Sorbonne. They drew so many dilettantes, particularly women sent by their confessors, that the impatient students conspired him and his audience, obliging the lecturer to fly under an escort of police.



M. FRANÇOIS COPPÉE,  
THE GREAT FRENCH POET  
Photo by Nadar, Paris.

## OCCUPATION FOR WOMEN.

On a fine morning in the spring of the present year, I found myself in Brussels with an idle day before me, and decided to visit the plains of Waterloo. The hotel-manager told me that the coaching season had not yet started, and that the train was indispensable, unless I wished to drive from Brussels by myself, so I strolled to the station and took a return-ticket to Braine-St.-Alleud. There were few passengers, and, while waiting for the moment of departure, I found myself attracted by the peregrinations of two young women who seemed unable to decide upon their carriage. Twice they wandered down the length of the train, and only when the engine gave a premonitory whistle did one of them make her selection, choosing the carriage in which I sat. Her companion remained on the platform and said, "I hope to come on later."

The newcomer looked pleasantly in my direction, and I promptly sought protection behind my copy of the *Indépendance Belge*. Soon the scenery claimed attention, and I put down the paper.

"If you have finished with your paper, may I see it?" said my travelling companion, speaking in English with a marked foreign accent.

Of course, I handed it to her, and she asked me one or two questions about the Dreyfus Case, being careful to find my opinion before she expressed hers.

"Ah," she said, "it will be the Waterloo of Messieurs the Anti-Dreyfusards. You know Waterloo?"

"No," I answered; "I am going there for the first time."

"You have chosen well," she remarked, "in going before the crowds come. Next week will be very busy; to-day, nearly all the char-à-bancs will be empty, and the single passenger must pay." She smiled significantly.

"I suppose they are anxious to make what they can," I said, "and don't care how they make it?"

"Yes," she answered; "there is only one man in the crowd who may be called honest. I have business in Brussels, and live at Braine-St.-Alleud, so I know"; and then, as though to confirm her words, she showed me her season-ticket. As she was doing so, the train reached our destination.

"I'll show you the man I spoke about," she said, as we descended; and when we had crossed the line and found ourselves hailed by a dozen drivers and their touts, she pointed out one man who was not striving for my custom. "Go to him," she said; "he is what you English call straight." She walked with me to the side of the brake.

"You are very kind," I said: "Can I drive you anywhere?"

"No, thank you," she said; "I have not far to go. When I come to England, you do the same for me, is it not? Good-bye."

I went over the fields, inspected the monument, had an explanation of the plan of battle, took some refreshment at the house to which the brake belonged, declined some dubious relics, and then, finding I could catch an early train easily, cut short a drive that was part of the programme. Braine-St.-Alleud was reached in ample time, and I sat in the café opposite the station discussing a *sirop*. Soon the brakes began to crowd round the station again; another train was arriving from Brussels, and my train to the city was also due.

I crossed to the station entrance, and then stood a minute to watch the new arrivals. A party of five appeared first, escorted by the young woman who had been with my travelling companion on the Brussels platform. She pointed out my driver, and the strangers ignored other applicants. As I was turning back, I heard a familiar voice saying, "Go to 'im; 'e is what you English call straight," and my travelling companion appeared with two gentlemen and a lady in tow. One of them said something to her, and she replied—

"No, thank you; I've not what you call far to go. Do not thank me; when I come to England, you do ze same for me, is it not? Good-bye."

I felt very angry with myself, and hurried to the train for Brussels, which had just steamed in. It was humiliating to be caught in this way like any common or garden tourist, and the fact that there had been no obvious overcharge did not avail to set matters right. As I sat wrathful and alone, the two hotel-runners passed my carriage; evidently they were returning to Brussels for a fresh load of simpletons. The lady who had accompanied me glanced at the carriage, and turned, smiling, to her companion.

"Le cornichon est bientôt revenu," she said; "mais je n'ai pas envie de l'accompagner. Je crois bien qu'il aura déjà trouvé son hôtel."

The remark was comparable to the last straw that broke the camel's back. I decided forthwith to publish the latest methods of occupation in vogue among the unfair sex.

S. L. B.



M. BRUNETIÈRE,  
EDITOR OF THE "REVUE DES DEUX MONDES"  
Photo by Reutlinger, Paris.

## OPENING OF THE NORWEGIAN NATIONAL THEATRE.

Christiania has during the last decade or two been making great efforts to take a befitting place among the capitals of Europe, and this month it has put the finishing touch, so to speak, to its exertions by the opening of

the Norwegian poet and novelist, and an actor by profession, took the matter in hand that the project seemed likely to become realised. With the aid of several influential citizens of Christiania, he has



DR. HENRIK IBSEN.  
*Photo by Nyblin, Christiania.*



MR. BJØRNSTJERNE BJØRNSON.  
*Photo by L. Szacinsky, Christiania.*

the new National Theatre. There is now hardly any modern institution or innovation which Christiania cannot be said to possess. In many respects this northern capital even surpasses many of the larger ones of Europe; its superior telephone service, its elegant electric tram-cars, its electric mountain-railway to the beautiful resort, "Holmenkollen," its excellent hotels, restaurants, and automatic cafés, are all well known. An unpleasant eyesore, however, has been the old and dingy theatre, built in the early part of the century, and for over twenty years the leading men of Christiania have been promoting the building of a new modern theatre; but it was not until Mr. Bjørn Bjørnson, the eldest son of

carried out the long-cherished plan of his townsmen, a task which was all the more remarkable since there was no prospect of any support from the State. The latter did, however, eventually give the site for the

theatre, one of the finest in Christiania, situated in the middle of the "Students' Grove," opposite the University. The building is from the designs of Mr. Henrik Bull, the Norwegian architect, and was begun in 1891. It is built in the Italian Renaissance style, of yellow brick with grey granite facings, and, although it is not looked upon by the Christiania inhabitants as an architectural triumph, it is, nevertheless, a very handsome and imposing structure. Opposite the principal entrance stand



THE NATIONAL THEATRE, CHRISTIANIA.  
*Photo by N. Skarpmoen Christiania.*

the bronze statues of Ibsen and Björnson, the gift of a wealthy Christiania citizen. The auditorium holds 1268 persons, and is decorated in a modified Rococo style, white, yellow, and red being the principal colours. There is an excellent view of the stage from all parts of the house, and the acoustic properties are excellent. The vestibule, corridors, and foyer are all brightly and artistically decorated, and the Christiania public can at last congratulate itself upon possessing a most comfortable and luxuriously appointed theatre.

The first of the three opening performances took place at the beginning of the present month. The house was filled by a brilliant assembly, including King Oscar and a large number of Court and civil officials and literary and artistic celebrities. The two great Norwegians, Ibsen and Björnson, with their wives, sat side by side in the middle of the front row of the dress-circle, with Mr. and Mrs. Grieg and Mr. Alexander Kielland, the novelist, close at hand. Ibsen and Björnson, who made their appearance at the same time, were enthusiastically received, the whole house rising to their feet and applauding. It was indeed a fortunate coincidence that made it possible for the two great dramatic authors of Norway to be present on this historic occasion in the annals of the literature and art of the country. The first evening was devoted to Holberg, the Father of the Danish-Norwegian Drama, the programme consisting of two acts of his well-known comedy, "Børstestuen" ("The Lying-in Room"), and his one-act farce, "Gert Westphaler; or, The Much-Talking Barber," both of which were most artistically and correctly mounted and admirably played. There was, of course, a prologue and an epilogue; after the latter the whole house, including the King, rose and sang the National Anthem.

The second evening was dedicated to Ibsen, and the enthusiasm of the audience on this occasion was still greater than on the previous night, when no doubt the presence of the King and the Court imparted a certain official and decorous tone to the assembly. This evening, Ibsen occupied a seat in the manager's box, from which, at the end of the prologue in his praise, he bowed his acknowledgments to the almost tumultuous applause and cheering, the audience rising *en masse*. The piece selected was "An Enemy of the People," which was excellently performed, according to the best traditions of the Christiania stage. During the entr'actes, Ibsen left his box, and wandered about the corridors and the foyer, looking the most happy and contented of men, and stopping now and then to say a few words to friends and acquaintances. At the end of the performance there was more cheering and more applause.

The third evening was given to Björnson, when his historical play, "Sigurd Jorsalfar," was performed. No expense or trouble had been spared to give the piece a mounting worthy the occasion. The dresses and the scenery were simply gorgeous, and reminded one of the glories of the Lyceum Theatre during Sir Henry Irving's management. The evening opened with a cantata, at the end of which Björnson received an ovation perhaps more enthusiastic than on the preceding evening. Grieg, who has composed the incidental music to the drama, and who conducted in person on this occasion, also received his share of the applause. At the end of the play, Björnson was again called, and appeared this time on the stage to bow his acknowledgments. The audience rose and sang the National Anthem, "Ja, vi elsker dette Landet," of which Björnson is the author. On being recalled, he came upon the stage hand-in-hand with his son, the manager of the theatre, when the cheering became still louder.

Thus ended the opening performances of the National Theatre of Norway, an event which had been followed with the greatest interest not only by the inhabitants of Christiania, but also by the people all over the country.

H. L. B.

## ALBERT SALÈZA, THE POPULAR TENOR

During the past two opera seasons at Covent Garden, the name of Albert Salèza has been steadily advancing to the front, and at a time when it is good for any tenor singer that his voice should become more and more popular. For it is clear that the question must some time be asked—Who is to succeed Jean de Reszke? That does not mean that, when the time comes for Jean de Reszke's retirement, there must be, or is at all likely to be, one artist who will immediately step into that magnificent place. But there must be one, at all events, who will occupy the place, as it were, of principal tenor; just as on the concert-platform in England there will have to be a sort of acknowledged chief to succeed Mr. Edward Lloyd when his impending retirement, announced last year, becomes a matter of fact. It is under these circumstances that M. Salèza has become a singer of more than ordinary importance; for it may be doubted if, after Jean de Reszke, there is any more popular tenor at present at Covent Garden. Mr. Maurice Grau is clearly of that opinion also; for he has but recently concluded an engagement with him for three years; so that M. Salèza becomes definitely a member of the Covent Garden company, and next year he will greatly enlarge his repertory, among other rôles, taking, for the first time, one in which he made a very great Parisian success, that of Mathô in "Salammbô," Reyer's finest opera. It is in this part that the portrait of Salèza given here represents him.

Salèza's career has not by any means been the commonplace route of the ordinary tenor. It has literally been a romantic and unexpected; for he was born away in the heart of a French agricultural district, and grew up without a thought for a public life, or for such a thing as a course of Parisian studies. Day in and day out, there was the same country air for him, there were the same clear French skies, the same

fields, brown and green and golden, as the seasons passed, the same corn to sow and reap, the same harvest to gather. All that he had as an exceptional possession, and that unawares, was his treasure of a voice. It chanced that on a summer's day, he, his brother, and a friend went strolling together along the fields, and for their pleasure's sake they sang songs and catches as they went along. A French Professor of Music, by one of those rare coincidences that lie in wait for the lucky, was passing along the same fields at the same time. The Professor listened and crossed over to the young men. His question was a curiously significant one, and showed, as I think, a great power of coming simply and easily to the point. "Which of you," he asked, "has the voice?" Albert Salèza's brother instantly pointed to the future tenor. The romance of the artist's life had begun. The Professor was not one to be content with a mere discovery. His nightingale must be captured. So arrangements were made, and Salèza went to Paris for his studies.

He was then eighteen, and he promptly entered the Conservatoire. From this point there is nothing to record but success. His exceptional triumph, however, came when he created the rôle of Mathô, of which I have spoken, at the Paris Opera House. It was from that starting-point that he must date the beginning of his greater career, and, as he has



M. ALBERT SALÈZA AS MATHÔ IN "SALAMMBÔ."

Photo by Bary, Paris.

only just accomplished his thirty-second year, there is really the highest probability of a very brilliant course before him. Some will say, perhaps, that the story of the singing-bird caught on his native tree is too old for credulity; and perhaps it has been told of many singers, who have been not undesirous to let it pass uncontradicted, as throwing a light of early romance about the beginnings of their passage through the art-world. In the case of Albert Salèza, however, both the story and the *milieu* in which it is set are absolutely accurate, for the present writer heard it from the tenor himself; "and the Professor," added he with singular simplicity, "is a proud man to-day."

## RONDEAU.

My heart's desire you know full well,  
And yet would always have me tell  
It once again, and o'er and o'er,  
And even after that, once more,  
From morning light till evening fell.

I've told it you on ocean swell,  
On hilltop, and in dingley dell,  
Till every whispered echo bore  
My heart's desire.

Give you an inch, you want an ell;  
My tongue repeats like muffin-bell  
The tale of Love's undying lore.  
Now say at once, if not before,  
When will you grant me, little Nell,  
My heart's desire?

F. W. F.



## THEATRE GOSSIP

Doubtless few who have observed the vast strides which that droll little comédienne and character-actress, Miss Louie Freear, has during the last two or three years made in her profession, or who have seen her in her latest impersonation in "Boy Bob," at the Métropole, Camberwell, know, or would even guess, that the clever lady was once a Midget. Yet she once was, and a Midget minstrel at that. Indeed, what Miss Freear does not know about the "burnt cork" business, whether as to singing, dancing, tambourine-thumping, or "corner-man" wheezing, is scarcely worth troubling about. She is also not utterly unacquainted with the mysteries of oratorio. As a matter of fact, she was often fain to gain a livelihood by singing therein. After a long course of child-parts, Miss Freear was, anon engaged by Mr Ben Greet, who exploited her in certain Shaksperian characters, such as Mopsa in "The Winter's Tale," and especially Puck in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which elfish character she played also with other important managements, and thereby gained her first meed of renown.

Soon after the present writer had witnessed her successful impersonation in this very difficult Shaksperian character, he chanced to see her impersonate, in the extreme western suburbs, a quaint and cleverly drawn "slavey" in a somewhat impossible and since unheard-of piece, written by Mr. George Dance, and called "Buttercup and Daisy." This very character, however, was subsequently dropped into the same author's successful play, "The Gay Parisienne," which until then had long been touring without any such character. It was as this "slavey" in "The Gay Parisienne" that Miss Freear drew all London to the hitherto not too overwhelmingly successful theatre, the Duke of York's. Since then, Louie Freear has played many such leading low-comedy parts, especially the lovelorn servant, Aurora, in "Oh! Susannah!" which character she has played in all sorts of cities, including the not unimportant city of New York, where she reappeared a few months ago in a local burlesque, entitled "The Man in the Moon." Miss Freear's latest venture is a new military drama, called "Boy Bob," and just produced at the Métropole, Camberwell. It is the work of Mr. Stephen Bond and Mr. Soane Roby, who is Miss Freear's business-manager. In this play, the three acts of which are respectively labelled "The First Salute," "The Second Salute," and "The Third Salute," the clever little lady represents a faithful drummer-boy, now brimming over with rollicking humour, and anon bursting into dashes of searching pathos—a character, in fact, of the kind technically described as "Robsonian." Also she breaks forth into song on occasion, one of the ditties being set to the deeply pathetic air of "Auld Robin Gray." Excellent parts are also allotted to those excellent players, Mr. C. W. Somerset, Mr. C. W. Garthorne (brother to Mr. Kendal), Mr. Laurence Cautley, Mr. Charles Rock, and Misses Beatrice Lamb and Carlotta Addison. Truly a strong company to tour withal.

Mr. J. B. Mulholland, founder of the aforesaid Métropole, may

undoubtedly claim to hold the suburban-theatre record for introducing new plays to the London stage. His achievements in this connection before his latest "first time in London"—namely, Miss Freear's new production, "Boy Bob"—are, indeed, as numerous as they are interesting, and include such since well-known plays as "The French Maid," "Toto and Tata," Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker's "Vagabond King," Mr. G. P. Bancroft's "Teresa," Messrs. Sturgess and Glover's comic opera, "The King's Sweetheart," George R. Sims's "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," &c.

Probably few London playgoers are aware that Mr. Mulholland was at one time an actor. In that capacity he not only played many parts, but played many parts per week! He preferred Shaksperian characters, but he now will oftentimes cheerily confess that his rather strong Irish brogue must have added an equally strong humorous touch to the serious parts. After he had begun to dabble in management in the country

with that extraordinary American melodramatic mixture, "The Unknown," he saved money, and became lessee of the Grand Theatre, Nottingham, which house he speedily converted into what it had not been for years, namely, a paying concern. Anon, pining for fresh histrionic woods and managerial pastures new, Mr. Mulholland built the Métropole, and thus became the pioneer of the new suburban-theatre "boom." This tall, quick-witted son of Erin is not only a fine man of business, but he is also a raconteur of a rich and fascinating type. He certainly does not find himself "too old at forty," and he is not yet on what the late Henry J. Byron used to call the "heavenly side" of that age.

Mr. Charles Cartwright—who has just tried, at the Grand Theatre, Islington, his and Mr. H. J. W. Dam's adaptation of the about to be much-adapted Dumas work, "La Dame de Monsoreau"—has like the "one man in his time" mentioned by the Melancholy Jaques, played many parts. Starting as a pupil of the late tragedian, William Creswick, the first important essay Mr. Cartwright made was as Iulius in "Virginius," at the Surrey, nearly twenty years ago. He presently migrated to the Princess's, where he enacted de Mauprat to

the Richelieu of Edwin Booth. He also supported that fine American actor in "King Lear," "The Fool's Revenge," and so on. In due course, Mr. Cartwright made, perhaps, his first really striking hit as the villainous Zouroff in "Moths," at the Globe, and for some time after and in all sorts of theatres, including the Adelphi and Drury Lane, he went in wholesale (but always artistically) for stage-villainy. Anon, he travelled through the Antipodes with "The Idler," "The Middleman," and other strong plays, creating a good impression wherever he went. A little while ago, Mr. Cartwright revisited "down under" with a very strong batch of plays, and during his later trip this always intense and picturesque actor introduced to the stage his daughter, Miss Edith Morley, the graceful and promising lady who on Monday played the heroine in the above-mentioned adaptation, which is called "The King of Fools." Miss Morley (who retains Mr. Cartwright's family name) has undoubtedly a future before her, as the saying is—as though people had futures behind them, forsooth! Mr. Cartwright, of course, plays, in "The King



MISS LOUIE FREEAR, WHO OPENED THE TOUR OF "BOY BOB," A NEW AND ORIGINAL MILITARY PLAY, AT THE MÉTROPOLE, CAMBERWELL, ON MONDAY LAST

Photo by Thomas, Cheapside.

of Fools," Chicot the Jester, a part long lovingly hankered after by nearly all our leading actor-managers. With the exception, however, of a version by Mr. H. A. Saintsbury, produced some months ago in the provinces, Mr. Cartwright has "got in" first, especially as regards



MR. CHARLES CARTWRIGHT, THE POWERFUL TRAGEDIAN NOW ON TOUR WITH "THE KING OF FOOLS."

Photo by Barnett, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.

London, and there is no doubt that "The King of Fools" (in which Mr. Cartwright is assisted by a very strong company) will for some time to come hold a not unimportant place in his repertory.

It would seem that Mr. Cartwright's repertory is also to include a new play recently "copyrighted" by him, under the title of "The Greatest Puritan," meaning, in this case, Oliver Cromwell. It will, doubtless, be remembered by certain ardent playgoers that Mr. Cartwright has enacted the character of the Great Protector before, namely, a few years ago, in Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's Adelphi drama, entitled "The White Rose." On that occasion Mrs. Patrick Campbell represented the Protector's daughter Elizabeth. Some months back Mr. Cartwright was announced to be about to try Mr. Arthur Shirley's adaptation of Mr. Tom Gallon's clever novel, "Tatterley," in London. Can he have altered his mind?

"The Prince of Borneo," the operatic farce some time back announced in *The Sketch*, is now fixed for production at the Strand on Oct. 5. The leading feminine character will be undertaken by Miss Cissy Fitzgerald, formerly of the Gaiety chorus, but latterly of certain American burlesque and vaudeville companies, in which she achieved great celebrity—and an extensive salary—owing to a very fetching wink that she made popular throughout the States. It was much imitated by the local "dudes."

In addition to the sending back of this since celebrated "Winking Girl" to our shores, we may soon expect to receive from America two somewhat strangely titled plays, namely, "The Kissing Bug" and "Jonah and the Whale."

"One of the Boys" is the latest title chosen for Mr. J. T. Tanner's new adaptation from the German, which Mr. Arthur Roberts is to produce in the course of the next few weeks.

Almost up to the time of our going to press it was arranged that two important plays, new to London, would be produced to-night (Wednesday). These were respectively Mr. George Bernard Shaw's comedy, entitled "The Devil's Disciple," to be given by Mr. Murray Carson at the Kenington Theatre, and Mr. Charles Frohman's long-ago purchased adaptation of "Ma Bru," intended for the consumption of Criterion-goers. Suddenly, however, and after sundry complaints as to "clashing" had been promulgated, lo, a re-arrangement set in, and "G. B. S.'s" play had its first London presentation last night, Mr. Frohman's newest venture being at the moment of going to press still fixed for to-night.

It would be difficult to find in any theatre a more beautiful curtain than the new act-drop at Drury Lane, revealed to an audience for the first time on the opening night of "Hearts are Trumps." The subject represented is the Nine Muses, and the painting was executed by Herr Krantsky, of Vienna. A reproduction of this splendid curtain will be found on page 434 of this number of *The Sketch*.

The latest addition to the stage from the ranks of the aristocracy is the Earl of Yarmouth, the eldest son of the Marquis of Hertford, who will, it is reported, shortly appear in "Wheels within Wheels," at the Madison Square Theatre, New York. Lord Yarmouth, who will celebrate his twenty-eighth birthday next month, is a grandson of Lord Bridport, the Queen's old and faithful servant and friend. He spent two years in the Black Watch, and has made himself popular wherever he goes by his undeniable histrionic gifts, which, so good

judges say, entitle him to be considered one of the best amateur actors now living. Although his father, Lord Hertford, is not rich for a British peer, yet Lord Yarmouth's resolve to become a professional actor can hardly be due to *res angusta domi*, as it undoubtedly was in the case of Lord Rosslyn. It will be curious to see whether his determination to earn a living will make him lose caste with the smart American Society at Newport. At any rate, he has very sensibly decided to take a *nom-de-théâtre*, and not depend on his title to win him the favour of audiences.

Several of our actor-managers are famed for the felicity of their speech-making on all kinds of "special occasions," and the list is certainly headed by Sir Henry Irving and Mr. Charles Wyndham. Both of them were at their best in the little addresses they delivered, respectively, at the bazaar at Birmingham in aid of the Commercial Travellers' Benevolent Institution, and at the laying of the commemoration stone of the Royal Duchess Theatre at Balham. Peculiarly happy was Sir Henry's comparison of the actor with the commercial traveller, and Mr. Wyndham's remarks on the development of the suburban-theatre system were admirably couched in the main. They ought to be framed and hung up in the lobby of every outside theatre.

Mr. John Forbes-Robertson, the actor's father, is now almost totally blind. Nevertheless, he is an ardent playgoer, and makes up in keenness of hearing for what he lacks in eyesight. It was touching to see the eagerness with which he followed his son Mr. Norman Forbes's performances of Shylock last autumn, when that actor took Sir Henry Irving's place. And he recently told Mr. Haviland, after seeing him play in "The Only Way," that he could follow everything that happened on the stage. Dr. Forbes-Robertson is a very old friend of Miss Ellen Terry. He used to be a good Art Critic.

There seems to be a fairly general agreement that the quaint costumes and pretty scenery of "The Moonlight Blossom" do not constitute a successful play at the Prince of Wales's. Still, Mr. Fernald may be congratulated upon having shown an agreeable humour in the comic scenes and a gift for writing sentimental prose, and even pathetic, without falling into the fault of high-faluting. "The Moonlight Blossom," with its little Japanese children toddling about the stage, the superb set of the Temple on one side, and the fairyland paper house of Nanoya opposite, and the great, rough Temple Gate filling the centre; its crowd of queerly dressed, picturesque people; its fantastic struggle with the robbers; and, above all, its strange, almost unearthly atmosphere, leaves a not unpleasant impression upon the mind. I hope a little cutting will be done, including the stilt-fight business, so that it may be brought within the compass demanded by our impatient playgoers, and so prevent failure. I am not sure whether, unless the quantity of music, really effective music, by Mr. Clifford Page be increased till the work is comic opera, it will catch the taste of our



MR. J. B. MULHOLLAND, THE COURTEOUS AND ABLE MANAGER OF THE METROPOLE THEATRE.

Photo by Lock and Whitfield, Ealing.

incurious public. There is no great scope for acting in Mr. Fernald's drama, but it may be said that Mrs. Campbell was fascinating, Mr. Forbes-Robertson impressive, Miss Eleanor Calhoun effective, Mr. Frank Mills picturesque; whilst Mr. Bromley Davenport, Mr. J. Welch, and Miss Rosina Filippi were quaintly amusing in the comic parts.

## THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

Time to light up: Wednesday, Sept. 27, 6.47; Thursday, 6.45; Friday, 6.42; Saturday, 6.40; Sunday, Oct. 1, 6.38; Monday, 6.38; Tuesday, 6.33.

Why is it that cycling clubs are failures? You see, I am assuming that they are, though gladly would I write them down successes. No doubt I will be bombarded with letters from many a secretary, declaring that, whatever cycling clubs may be doing elsewhere, his club is flourishing exceedingly, and that the "runs" during the summer have been wonderfully well attended. Probably this is accurate enough in some individual instances. The fact, however, remains that cycle clubs are not popular, that they are falling off in membership, and that the members who still remain on the roll for old-times' sake hardly ever turn up to a club "run." Now clubs and club "runs" are admirable things, and it is because, as a lover of my wheel, I regret their decadence that I want to say just a few things about the falling away, and to suggest a remedy.

Don't we all remember the ardour of the club cyclist eight or ten years ago? Cyclists then were fewer than they are now, but they were three times as enthusiastic. The occasion of a club "run" was a red-letter day to the cyclist. And what "runs" they were—eighty and a hundred miles on bumpy, high old "ordinaries," or on hard-tyred "safeties." There were two reasons "runs" were popular—enthusiasm and low gears. A low gear for a long ride is a great advantage. It does not tire like a high gear; and, though there is now a sensible abandonment of the abnormal gears of twelve months ago, they are yet far too high for average riders. The consequence is that a club contains swift wheelmen, ordinary wheelmen, and wheelmen who are dawdlers. One lot think the others go too slow; the others think the first lot are much too fond of "scorching." Hence—in the language of the vulgar—"ructions"! The low-gear man puffs and perspires and gets nasty-tempered at having to ride fast, when Nature never intended him to be a fast rider, and the crooked-backed "scorcher" is openly contemptuous at the slow-goers. So it comes about that the swift go with the swift, and the unambitious pleasure-seeker prefers sauntering through the lanes at his own pace.

When cycling became a fashionable craze, it was assumed that the era of cycling clubs was just beginning. In fact, the craze did injury to clubs. It brought out into prominence that characteristic English trait, cliquism. An ardent wheelman belonged to his local club, as an ardent cricketer would belong to the local cricket-club, for the sake of sport, and not because he met his social equals. But, when his acquaintances patronised the humble wheel, saying they cycled, but never admitting they were cyclists, there was the usual tilting of suburban noses at the vulgarity of those who were indeed cyclists. So many a good fellow, with not a spark of snobbery about him, abandoned his former cycling associates, ceased to be a cyclist, and joined the roll of those who merely cycled. That is how it is that cycle clubs of the present day are not composed of the moneyed classes, but of those belonging to the middle class. Accordingly, clubs have rather sunk in status than risen.

Another thing that has injured the cycling club is the usual housing of it. Club headquarters are often just a room in a public-house, smelling of stale ale and old cigars, and unless you drink and smoke you are not doing justice to the club. The pictures of a few racing cyclists are on the walls, and on the table may be found some liquor-stained copies of the penny cycling-papers. I cannot really say that the average cyclists' headquarters are inviting. Some of the clubs in the North of England have this year had summer retreats sixteen or twenty miles from headquarters, and the movement of hiring picturesque cottages in the country where the club-member is welcomed and the ordinary cyclist is not

turned away—where are cosy rooms, hammocks under the trees, meals at reasonable prices—is the one bright spot I have noticed in connection with cycle clubs these last three years.

Now what can be done to revive club life? The weekly papers devoted to cycling have no public influence, and the big daily papers and sixpenny weeklies have more important things to occupy their attention. The body, however, that might take the matter up is the Cyclists' Touring Club. The C.T.C. has many virtues, as well as many faults. No doubt, the majority of members belong because membership secures a reduction on the hotel-bill and eases the way for a tour on the Continent. I don't think it can be said that the C.T.C. has anything like a fair share of enthusiastic wheelmen who belong for simple sport's sake. This was painfully exemplified during the recent C.T.C. tour in Yorkshire and the Lake District. The club has sixty thousand members. Elaborate and excellent arrangements were made for the tour, but, out of this magnificent total of sixty thousand, the attendance at the great and much-heralded birthday-tour was forty! However, the C.T.C. is one of the best-organised of bodies. Its tuft-hunting propensities have, of course, alienated the sympathy of many genuine wheelmen, and its treatment of the famous Harrogate Camp has rather disgusted cyclists in the North of England. But with all its faults—and it would be stupid not to acknowledge its faults as well as its virtues—the C.T.C. is the most excellently managed cycling authority in the land, its influence is undoubtedly great, and in Mr. Shipton, its secretary, it has a man of huge powers of organisation. Indeed, the C.T.C. is finely equipped; it has the power, and what I would like to see is now the will to revive the waning club life among cyclists.

What I would suggest, then, is that the C.T.C. should start a number of club-houses throughout the country under its direct control. There should be no difficulty in establishing one in London, a centre of the cycling interest in England, something like the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society, where wheelmen can find everything at hand appertaining to their favourite pastime, and where, during the winter months, there may be periodical lectures, illustrated by lantern views, by men and women who during the summer have had interesting tours—by Mr. R. L. Jefferson, by Mr. Joseph Pennell, by Mr. Stacey Blake, and others; when also there may be lectures on the mechanical side of cycling by Mr. J. K. Stanley, by Mr. Archibald Sharp, Mr. Bidlake, and others who can speak on the subject with some authority.

Offshoots of the parent club could easily be started at

Edinburgh, Birmingham, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Newcastle, Plymouth, and elsewhere. Cycling, just now, I am afraid, is too much decentralised; indeed, it is being decentralised down to the unit. That is really why we kick our shoes against the doors of railway companies without avail, and our clamouring for better cycle accommodation on passenger-trains is like roaring to the wind.

To the existing local clubs something must soon be done to lift them out of their present stagnant condition. Let half-dozens of them in each district combine and get really decent club headquarters. Let the "runs" be arranged in such a way to accommodate the "speed-boys" and the dawdlers. Let every "run" have a definite object. Let there be lady members, for their influence is always for good.

Another innovation that I think would be a welcome one would be fortnightly evening gatherings during the winter months, and let there be yarns by members about their trips. Cycling is one of the grandest things of the age. It is because I love cycling that this week my pen has been running on the lines of advice instead of skipping through the lanes of anecdote. And now, rulers of the C.T.C., will you do anything?

J. F. F.



MRS. BEERBOHM TREE.

Photo by R. W. Thomas, Cheapside.



## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## RACING NOTES.

Trotting has not "boomed" in this country for many years, but an attempt is being made to put the sport upon its legs once more, and occasionally interesting meetings are held at Wembley Park that attract big crowds. On Sept. 20 an exhibition of trotting was given in the grounds to show the difference between English and American trotting. The feature of the afternoon was a marvellous exhibition of guideless trotting by Gold Ring (the "Guideless Wonder"). Gold Ring has a history. He is a chestnut horse, stands 15.2, and he has taken prizes all over the country, while he trotted on the Continent, and took a prize at Berlin. Gold Ring also won the first prize at the Richmond Horse Show this year. This animal travels like a piece of machinery, and he will go either guideless or when driven in American sulkies. Gold Ring is a very fast horse, and he holds a record of 2 min. 25 sec., made on the Aintree track, near Liverpool. He is certainly a wonderful horse.

I cannot see why trotting could not be made popular in this country. Mr. Fred Cathcart did a lot for the sport before he resigned the Secretaryship of the Trotting Association to join the firm of Pratt and Co., racing officials. I expected at one time to have seen the late Duke of Marlborough running a few trotters, but he preferred to keep them for private driving. The late Mr. Walter Winans bred and bought many good trotters, and he was very fond of fast trials in private, but he did not patronise the tracks. I notice, however, that his sons are fond of the sport, and I expect they will patronise the pastime. I saw some very good trotting in America twenty years back, and I could never quite understand why the sport was received so coldly in this country. Perhaps the conventions of the game are too complicated for the crowd to easily master them. This is, however, a difficulty that might easily be overcome.

I hope the Jockey Club will pass a law prohibiting any jockey from owning racehorses. At two or three meetings held of late, we have had races where a jockey had entered horses of his own, and then did not start them, probably because he had to ride for his principal employers. Now, my contention is that entries such as the ones referred to often cause disappointment to the public, some of whom travel to race-meetings and pay heavy ring-fees for the purpose of seeing certain horses run that are, after all, kept in their stables. I think a jockey has all his work cut out in trying to maintain a good average of winners for his employers without attempting to capture stakes all on his own. At the same time, I would far rather hear of a jockey owning horses openly and aboveboard than be told, under the rose, that such-and-such a winner really belonged to a certain jockey. Rumours of this sort were rife on the course a few years back, but we do not hear them now, and a good job too.

The Autumn Handicaps have fallen very flat this year. True, some big double-event bets have been laid, but nothing can be learned from these as to owners' intentions; and, if I am a judge, we shall see a lot of finessing take place before the market on either Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire settles down into anything like shipshape. I am told that Sloan thinks he will land the double event. Jiffy II. is in strong work for the Cesarewitch. She is a stayer and can go fast, and it is just on the cards that she will start favourite, and win with something in hand, although, as I have before stated, horses like Merman are never out of a race of this description so long as they keep sound. Huggins is very likely to capture the Cambridgeshire when the best of his lot has been discovered. I have lately heard glowing accounts of General Peace. My informant says the General is very much better than Little Eva at the weights, and Captain Bewicke's money is already on the first-named. He ran a great horse in the Lincoln Handicap to beat Knight of the

Thistle, and, if he could only reproduce that form at Newmarket, he would have a big chance.

One or two of the advertising tipsters are not satisfied with sticking to their calling. They actually recommend reliable commission-agents to their customers. But where does the virtue of the tipsters' information come in? If their "unbeatable certs" are unbeatable certs, how long will their friends the commission-agents remain solvent? Surely the tipsters have not a joint in the book! If so, how easily money might be made by sending out "stumers" to clients and then buying them all in the firm! Stop, though, if advertising tipsters once attempted to find losers, they would undoubtedly soon touch bottom—that is, if they laid against their own tips. Still, the mystery remains why certain circularisers persist in scattering "golden peas" all over the country, and in a "P.S." give the names of people who are prepared to lay against these all the time at "S.P."

Jockeys have to be out in all weathers, and, what is more, they are liable to have to ride through rain, hail, or snow, and many of them are weakly beings possessing unsafe constitutions. True, one or two of the sensible Knights of the Pigskin take great care of themselves. They wear silk underclothing, and do not take their top-coats off until the last

moment before getting into the saddle. What is still more important, they keep on the move when they are standing down (to use an Irishism) and by doing so stave off the otherwise inevitable chill. The fleshy jockeys who have to dose themselves with Epsom-salts and resort to Turkish-baths are very liable to take cold after the exertions and excitement of a race, and they should always wrap up well on returning to the paddock. If it were not for the look of the thing, I would recommend these to adopt the sweater. They might don one on alighting from the saddle, and I am sure it would protect them well from the cold. I think Sloan would look well walking the paddock in a sweater of Lord William Beresford's colours, light-blue.



MR. J. A. WILKINSON AND HIS TROTTER, GOLD RING, THE "GUIDELESS WONDER."

Photographed at Wembley Park, on Sept. 20, for "The Sketch."

with a view to following the winter pastime again, but the prizes offered under National Hunt Rules are so small, as a rule, that the game is not worth the candle unless one were to go in for betting. The entry fees, railway charges, jockey fees, and training expenses are too great, when £50 plates are being run for. Of course, if anybody could make sure of winning a Grand National, say, every third year, a profit might be shown; but otherwise it is a losing game, and I cannot for the life of me see how the little men who run horses in £50 selling plates, week in and week out, winning only one a month, can manage to make both ends meet. Steeplechasing could be made quite as popular as racing under Jockey Club Rules if it were well and properly managed, and, speaking for myself, I would rather watch one Grand National than all the Middle Park Plates, Dewhurst Plates, or five-furlong sprints of a whole season, and so, I think, would a big majority of real sportsmen.—CAPTAIN COE.

The death of Lord Watson, one of the Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, is expected to lead to the promotion of the Lord Advocate, Mr. Graham Murray, to the Scottish Bench. Mr. Murray is much liked in the House of Commons, where the hon. and learned member has sat for eight years, holding office most of the time, first as Solicitor-General for Scotland, and then as Lord Advocate. Unlike his predecessor, Lord Pearson, Mr. Murray, though a Scotchman both on his father's and his mother's side, went South for his education. At Harrow he became champion racquet-player, and went to Trinity, Cambridge, with a scholarship. To Scotland, however, he owes his education in golf, for he has been captain both of the "Royal and Antient" and of the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers. Mr. Murray is also an ardent cyclist and a good shot.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

An already well-known writer who has earned a reputation for clipping epigram, by a way of phrasing common or garden opinions, said the other day that there were two things of which ordinary women never tired, one being the note of the cuckoo, and the other hearing themselves



[Copyright.]

MISS VIOLET VANBRUGH'S ACADEMY GOWN IN "HEARTS ARE TRUMPS."

liberally praised—"called charming" was, I think, the way our novelist put it. To these well-admitted exceptions I would add a third, which would at least get a hearing with most did they have a chance at this time of year, and that would be a morning with the cubs. Given fine weather, a well-fitting habit, and one or two other indispensable adjuncts—such as, for instance, a complexion that will stand inspection at 7 a.m.—and there are few pleasanter experiences possible. Cub-hunting is not, however, the sport of the lazy, but rather of the early-rising elect, and so it is that many overnight enthusiasts may be called, but few are amongst the chosen group who assemble in autumnal day-break to watch the young hounds dash gaily, if somewhat blunderingly, to the "cry," and tackle the stubborn undergrowth of wood or wayside in the frantic chase of a contemporary "mask" as reward for their labours. Just in this in-between season, when garden-parties and cricket are done for and hunting is not, there are few delights so comparatively untried by the fair, or so decidedly delightful, as these early scampers in September mornings after pursuers and pursued, both still in the first blush of life's experiences. There are, of course, always two sorts of women in a country-house; but I quite believe that even the merely ornamental contingent which goes for five-mile walks in Louis Quinze heels, and endeavours to surmount stiles in elongated petticoats, would or could be brought to enjoy an occasional morning's cubbing did they realise what a cosmetic of cosmetics is a stiff run between morning-tea and breakfast.

Shooting can certainly no more be set down in the category of merely mannish sports after this autumn, for there has scarcely been one

notable house-party without its allotment of petticoated guns. Great rivalry has therefore, as a consequence, been displayed in the momentous question of appropriate shooting-frocks. As a matter of simple fact, however, fads and fancies are rather in the way where real sport is the question to be considered, and the most effective shooting-garments I have seen in many wanderings are not the intricate but the simple sort. Women when out shooting in real earnest require a substantial but not a too heavy gown, and one which occurred to me as being extremely sensible was made of a soft-coloured beige flannel with narrow stripes in darker tones. A rather wide hem made the skirt hang well, and kept it in place above the ankles, while it was cut so as not to be ungracefully "skimpy," or too voluminous on the other hand. It was buttoned up on one side of the skirt with black horn buttons, and the waistcoat, a very smart affair, was made of chestnut-coloured linen, unlined and buttoned to match skirt, but with a smaller edition of the black horn fasteners aforesaid. Linen gaiters to match the vest, deerskin gloves, and a Tyrolean hat, also built of linen, with a bunch of pheasant-feathers tucked into the band, finished all very completely.

I find all the well-accredited authorities are making up their skirts for afternoon- and evening-gowns on independent silk skirts much betrimmed with flounces and frillings—an untidy fashion, and a troublesome, more particularly in the afternoon and for such of Eve's daughters as are not accredited with carriages, but a graceful fashion, as Dominie Sampson would say—"indubitably." So there is no more to be said but to adopt it with thanksgiving. All the same, it will make the fashion of long trains trebly a burden, for to hold up one



[Copyright.]

A NEW AUTUMN COAT.

dragging appendage is bad, but to struggle with a second at the most unexpected moments would require the temperament of a female Job—and that anomaly has never yet been born into the world.

A new material which should delight the imagination of lovely woman is called "sable cloth," which, no doubt, receives its name from the fact of being, like the fur, soft, brilliant, and with a long fur, or



"face," as the dressmakers technically style it. Amongst many other materials, this seems destined to most favour among the well-dressed for winter-gowns.

Boleros still continue to adorn all manner of gowns, from the simplest to the most elaborate, and out of a dozen new Autumn Modes at least ten are embellished with the classic Spanish furbelow. In the vista of coming fashions I also see a distinct taste for the vivid colours to which our forbears were partial, and which we thought so shudderingly crude while the "greenery-yallery" nightmare held us by the hip. In a sad-coloured climate like ours, sad-coloured surroundings should be banished by every law, unwritten and otherwise; so the vivid crimsons and yellows which fashion-makers prescribe for this winter's campaign are, on all accounts, to be welcomed, if only for the mission they accomplish of lighting up our too dismal, dripping, murky atmosphere and streets with poetic patches of colour on the form of lovely woman.

How curious it is to notice, by the way, that, just at this season of the year, Frenchwomen always burst out into a short but sharp epidemic of brightly coloured tartans! Year after year these devoted cheeks are cried up as the positively last cry of very vocal Fashion; but while the gay Parisienne adapts them to her rotund figure with a perennial fond alacrity, Englishwomen do not seem to catch the sacred fire of their enthusiasm, and so the tartan mania mildly fizzles out without having made any sartorial commotion to speak of. Worth has been making up some green-and-mauve and green-and-blue plaids, with fringes to match, very successfully, amongst various other combinations. But I do not think the historic Scotch garb which finds so much favour with the modern Gaul will ever become the ideal wear of the tall, flat-chested British maiden. Those interested in the recrudescence of old fashions will notice that magenta is again destined to come into consideration as a winter fashion. If kept away from too familiar terms with the complexion, it is a colour which lends itself to extremely decorative and even becoming effects. But the interposition of some judicious black and white should be a *sine quâ non*.

In the important matter of dinner- and evening-gowns, a noticeable and very charming departure is the quantity of ribbon embroidery which appears on so many. It is used on satin, mousseline-de-soie, silk, or velvet with equally charming results, and, combined with incrustations of real lace, or helped out with glittering paillettes, is equally charming. Sleeves still continue to be a more or less vanished quantity, a band of jewelled velvet or string of pearls helped out with a narrow strip of tulle more often than otherwise doing duty for the departed balloon-sleeves of our still recent affections. Diamond and pearl collar-bands

continue to hall-mark the costume of every fashionable woman, and few who can afford to own one of these eminently becoming ornaments would at the present juncture willingly go without. Nor is there any reason for abstaining when such examples of elegance as this illustrated can be obtained from the Parisian Diamond Company at a comparatively unimportant cost. Those smart little diamond slides which clasp a tulle or ribbon neck-band so daintily are also a distinct vogue for dinner- or theatre-parties, and are one of the season's specialities with this before-mentioned firm, whose highly finished workmanship and general excellence of design have established a deservedly world-wide reputation. The long jewelled chain for gold-purse or pince-nez grows more than ever a favourite toy, while the graceful rope of gleaming pearls—a fashion which was really introduced by the Parisian Diamond Company—

is a no less favourite finish to one's toilette when *en grand tenue*. The old-time custom of wearing earrings, which bids fair to become popular once more, has been pioneered by the Company, who mount their famous Orient pearls in many designs and devices, one being a clever arrangement of spiral gold wire by which their pearl ear-rings can be worn without piercing the ear. Some of the newest brooches, copies of old French and Italian patterns, are no less beautiful than valuable intrinsically as masterpieces of gem-setting. All the Parisian Diamond Company's jewels are set in gold, and it would indeed puzzle even an expert to decide whether these stones are the products of nature or science.

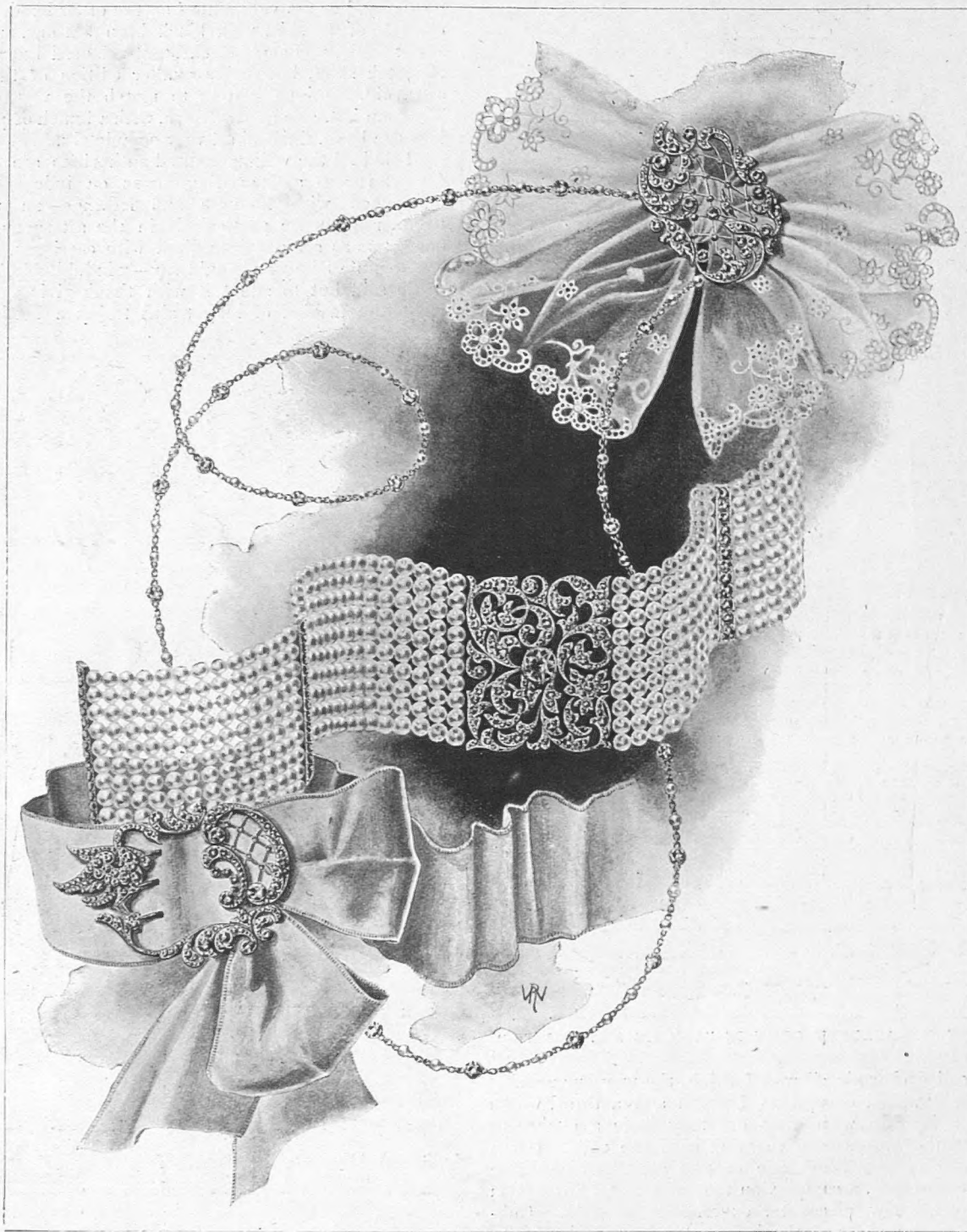
Some of the novelties and specialities which are already being prepared for the winter season include daintily jewelled chatelaines in gun-metal and gold, and these are obtainable, moreover, at a third or less of the price one is

beguiled into paying for them at Monte Carlo shops, on the score that they are not to be had elsewhere. But, as a matter of fact, these exclusive novelties are in the hands of the Parisian Diamond Company even before they reach the ruinous but fascinating magasins of the Riviera, seeing that the best and most highly skilled French and English lapidaries are retained for the elaborate work which it sends forth. Were it otherwise, the Company would not own its present widespread and influential *clientèle*.

#### ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

JULIETTE (Liverpool).—(1) I always recommend Peter Robinson's for smart blouses. Try them. You will find infinite variety and quite excellent style. (2) The lace zouave would be very pretty with blue chiffon pulled through the pattern. It is a trick of Worth's, and a most successful one. If your dressmaker is a good one, she will understand it.

SYBIL.



COLLAR, BROOCH-SLIDE, AND CHAIN AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.



## CITY NOTES.

*The Next Settlement begins on Oct. 11.*

## THE SITUATION.

The present deadlock has produced an almost complete absence of all business upon the Stock Exchange. No one will buy, and very few will sell, so that, until we get either war or peace assured, there is nothing to expect except deadly dullness in all markets. Even now many—probably



PAARDEKRAAL MONUMENT, NEAR KRUGERSDORP.

*Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by H. Law.*

the majority—of the insiders refuse to believe in war, a fact which accounts for the surprising steadiness of Kaffirs throughout the whole crisis. Taken all round, the position is very sound, and any good news would produce a quick recovery. Upon one thing at least the Stock Exchange is quite unanimous. If we are to have war, let us hope that the Orange Free State will throw in its lot with the Transvaal, so that we may make a clean sweep of both while we are about it.

Standard Bank shares have been sold by nervous holders, as if war would be a serious drawback to the concern, whereas, unless our memory is grievously at fault, other wars in South Africa have always provided increased profits, for the bank has practically the whole of the Government business, which, in the case of war with thirty or forty thousand men engaged on our side, means a good bit.

The prospects of a 4 per cent. Bank Rate are being discussed pretty freely, and it is generally admitted that, although the exact date may be uncertain, the rise is inevitable in the near future.

## HOME RAILS.

The Home Railway Market continues absolutely stagnant, and a comparatively trifling deal in stocks suffices to move quotations one way or the other. There is no pronounced weakness, except perhaps in Great Easterns, but prices of most stocks will be found to have declined somewhat since the last carry-over. There is, in fact, little inducement to buy, and the ordinary flow of investment business is always much contracted at this time of the year. Traffic receipts, indeed, continue to be very well maintained, especially those of the "heavy" lines; but, judging by the experience of the last two half-years, this means no more, probably, than that dividends will be maintained, for there are no indications that the growth of working charges has received any check.

The Board of Trade report on the working of Home Railways published this week has contributed to exercise a depressing effect upon the market, for it shows conclusively that, mainly owing to the advance in charges, the return to investors in all classes of Home Railway securities declined last year, notwithstanding a large advance in gross revenue. Further, the compilers hold out no hope of an improvement during the current year, and it would seem that we must think ourselves lucky if we do not have to even put up with a diminished yield. At a time when trade is exceptionally good, and when the companies' receipts are upon a record scale, this state of affairs is a curious anomaly, but to such a pass have we been brought by Government interference, the constantly increasing demands of labour, and the high prices of fuel and materials.

While there is thus little to "go for" just now in the market, so far as outside operators are concerned, professional dealing has also been reduced to very small dimensions, and, in addition to the adverse factors above-mentioned, the market has had to contend with the clouded political outlook and the haunting fear of dear money. The Scotch Railway reports recently issued have also not conduced to cheerfulness. Even more than the English lines, they show an increased ratio of working charges to revenue, for, although the positive increase in expenditure is not greater than is the case with the Southern lines, it has not been offset by so big an advance in gross receipts.

The special weakness which has been developed in Great Easterns is especially due to the difficulty of supporting such a very high-priced stock in a deadly dull market. It is quite recently that the quotation has got up to the neighbourhood of 130 and over, and it is not yet acclimatised to those high altitudes. The traffic receipts also for the current half-year, although good, have not quite come up to expectations.

The effect of the company's excellent half-yearly report has now worn away, and people are beginning to reflect upon the increased capital expenditure which undoubtedly lies ahead of the company, especially in connection with the huge traffic at the Liverpool Street terminus. Altogether, this is certainly not the right time to start a "bull" operation in Home Rails, though there is no particular reason why real holders should part with their stock. It must be added, however, that there is certainly a possibility that Great Easterns may decline still further.

## FROM JOHANNESBURG.

Our correspondent on the Rand sends us the following letter, dealing especially with the Randfontein group of mines, and as we know from our Correspondence columns that many readers are holders of the shares, we offer no apology for giving the latest information from the spot. War or no war, in the end it will be the gold-producing resources of any mine which will regulate the price of its shares, and for those who are prepared to lock up their scrip and await events, it does not matter very much to what price the shares go before our troops are in possession of Johannesburg—

## ROBINSON GROUP OF MINES.

Recent events led many to believe that the management of the Robinson group of mines was about to adapt itself to current ideas. Mr. J. B. Robinson has always been too autocratic with his shareholders; the trust-deeds of his various companies smack of Russia; he will have nobody on the Boards but his own nominees, and it cannot be said that Mr. Robinson does not take advantage of the absolute power conferred upon him. He has frequently called important meetings of his companies in Johannesburg at such short notice that it has been impossible for European shareholders to send their proxies; in spite of frequent remonstrance, his meetings are usually held on mail-day, and, instead of in the heart of the town, at a place called Mayfair, three miles distant; they are generally held several months after the time provided in each trust-deed, and they are all held on one day.

The same Chairman presides over a dozen meetings, a few minutes being allowed to each, and the proceedings being simply automatic. It is not on record that any shareholder who had the temerity to put a question ever obtained a frank answer or got the information he wanted.

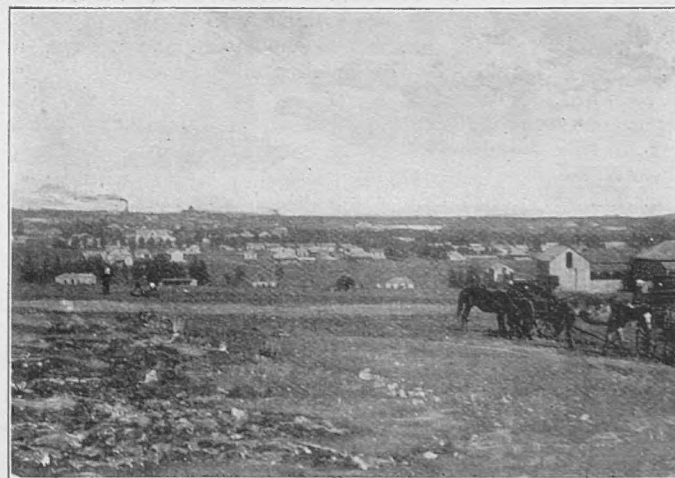
Once a-year, and no oftener, Mr. Robinson takes the shareholders into his confidence. The excellent rule of Rand companies to issue monthly or quarterly statements of profits, &c., has its exception, and the exception stands for Mr. J. B. Robinson. Shareholders who put their money into the Rand Mines group, for example, know from month to month how much each company is netting, and consequently what dividends to expect; but the man who buys into the Randfontein properties or Langlaagte Estate is not thought fit to be entrusted with similar information oftener than once a year, and that usually six or seven months after the accounts have been closed. If Mr. J. B. Robinson and his nominees were similarly kept in the dark, the ordinary shareholders would not have so much to complain of.

This policy of exclusiveness Mr. Robinson carries to the extent of treating each property as his own private preserve. Writers for the Press have no obstacles put in their way by the other leading groups, but Mr. J. B. Robinson's mines are a closed book.

In many other respects, Mr. Robinson's practice has been very different from that of other Rand magnates; he has always played a "lone hand." He derided deep-levels, harangued against them in public at the very time when Mr. Beit and Mr. Eckstein were quietly buying up the best of them at agricultural values. In mining practice he has tried to stand in the way of various notable improvements, including the newest rock-sorting appliances, which have been adopted very late in the day at the Langlaagte Estate. Yet he had the foresight to perceive the value of big batteries for treating low-grade ores, and the Langlaagte mill was for some time the biggest on the Rand. One of Mr. Robinson's failings has been to stick to his own opinions even when they came into conflict with expert advice, and hence when, a few months ago, he put himself and Randfontein unreservedly in the hands of the eminent expert, Mr. Hays Hammond, it was felt that a new era was dawning for this sadly bungled part of the West Rand.

Mr. Hammond's engagement is for three years, and in that time, if he gets his own way—and he must have stipulated for this—it is safe to predict that Randfontein will be revolutionised.

Mr. Hammond must have been shocked at many of the crudities to be witnessed on some of the Randfontein properties. What with the constant changing of



KRUGERSDORP, WITH THE MINES IN THE DISTANCE.

*Specially photographed for "The Sketch" by H. Law.*

managers, and the putting in force of ideas of men who are not mining engineers, the vast property badly wants reforming, and it is likely to get it, though some of the mistakes cannot now be rectified. For example, there is too little centralisation. It would have been an easy matter in laying out the subsidiary properties to have had a central reduction station for two or three mines, and, no doubt, this will be attended to in future plans.

In the meantime, Mr. Hammond recommends each of the 60-stamp mills to



be increased to 100 stamps as soon as underground development is sufficiently advanced. The recent discovery of the West Reef will facilitate the development of sufficient ore reserves; but all Mr. Hammond says of this reef in the portion of his report which has been made public is that it is exceptionally rich on some parts of the property. This much we knew, but one would like some average values over a good length of reef. The new reef, as I have before remarked, is patchy, and it serves no good purpose to publish a few picked assays. Here again Mr. J. B. Robinson's methods are peculiar. Any other group would have had the new reef sampled as far as opened up, and a general average arrived at and made known to shareholders. In one respect the new reef has a special value: it can be mined practically free of waste. This will ensure a good grade of ore, while the costs of mining ought to be low. On the whole, Randfontein seem moderately cheap, when we take into account the large number of subsidiaries still to be formed.

Some investors allow the personal element to influence them in deciding on the prospects of a mining property, and if Mr. Hays Hammond's name is not sufficient to conjure with in the case of Randfontein, there are the subsequent appointments. On the recommendation, no doubt, of Mr. Hammond, two first-rate men have been secured for Randfontein at the Simmer and Jack—Mr. Pope Yeatman as General Manager, and Mr. J. B. Pitchford as consulting mechanical engineer. Clearly, Randfontein is going to have a chance such as it never had before.

We reproduce a couple of photographs of the Krugersdorp district, from which Randfontein is distant several miles.

#### A SAFE TRUST.

Last week we gave a little Trust which yielded a high return to the investor while spreading risks over several distinct classes of securities; this week we offer the following suggestions for investing £1000, so that the return may be between 3 and 4 per cent., and, so far as such things are possible, no risk may be run—

	Cost.	Income.
£200 Cape of Good Hope 4 per cent. Inscribed stock	£216	£8
£200 Nizam's State Railway 4 per cent. Debentures	218	8
£200 Cannon Brewery 4 per cent. Debenture stock...	216	8
£200 City of Auckland 5 per cent. bonds, 1934-8 ...	232	10
10 Globe Telegraph 6 per cent. Preference shares ...	150	6
	£1032	£40

Of the above list it is unnecessary to say very much in detail. We consider the present a good opportunity to acquire Cape stocks, while the Nizam's State Railway Debentures are amply secured by the earnings of the line, to say nothing of the guarantee, which the Indian Government would never allow to be violated. Brewery First Mortgage Debentures in prosperous concerns, which have Second Debentures as well as Preference and Ordinary shares behind them, are secure enough, and we have included one in our suggestions, because it is as well to spread the money over as many varieties of security as possible.

The Cannon Brewery is one of the soundest and most substantial in the whole list. Auckland is certainly as important as any city in New Zealand, and its Municipal Debentures have always stood very high. The redemption of these 5 per cent. Bonds cannot take place till 1934 at earliest, so that there is no need to provide for amortization at present; while, as to the Globe Telegraph Trust, we are sure that the most nervous old lady can sleep on its Preference shares in peace.

#### THE KENT COAL FARCE.

Since the very first attempt to humbug the public into believing that digging for coal in Kent was a payable proposition, we have persistently pointed out the character of the enterprises that were floated by Mr. Arthur Burr and his friends, for the ostensible purpose of exploiting the alleged coal-field, but really with the deeper design of getting a bit out of the pockets of the British public. Every day goes to confirm what we have said, and to show that those people who were foolish enough to subscribe to those "wild-cat" promotions might as well have thrown their money into the sea, instead of down the bore-holes in Kent.

Last week another significant document came to hand, namely, the report of the Kent Collieries Corporation, Limited, from the inauguration of the concern in October 1897 to the end of last June. We need hardly say that the report was not sent out to the Press, and it is equally needless to mention that the Press obtained it all the same, and gave it that publicity which the management was so anxious to avoid. From this report, it appears that the Corporation has suffered from a curious series of "unfortunate accidents."

First of all, almost immediately after the undertaking was started, there was an "unfortunate accident attended with engineering difficulties." This delayed operations for months, and involved the sinking of a third shaft, although it would have been a much better idea to seize the opportunity to cease sinking any shafts at all. But this was only the beginning, for the next thing that happened was the failure of the Colliery and General Contract Company, the contractors engaged to carry out the sinking operations. A fresh contract was then made with the Phoenix Contract and Development Syndicate, Limited; but presently it was found necessary to cancel this contract, as "the probable cost of reaching the coal would exceed the capital at the command of this Syndicate."

The operations at Dover were then undertaken by the company itself, and the next discovery will be that the probable cost of reaching the coal will exceed the capital of the Kent Collieries Corporation. The question of these contracts is one that ought to be very closely investigated. Who are the people behind the contracting syndicates, and how did it come about that contracts were given to syndicates without adequate capital, to bodies, indeed, that were obviously composed of men of straw?

We imagine a little scrutiny into the personnel of these syndicates would produce some distinctly instructive results bearing on the motives

underlying the promotion. How long the farce of searching for the coal will continue it is impossible to say, but the resignation from the Board of Sir Myles Fenton and two other Directors is significant as to the chance of the company ever doing anything.

#### THE COPPER POSITION.

The holders of Copper shares are scanning the statistics of production and consumption of the metal with some anxiety, for the question is, how long can the Yankee combination hold the market? In America the consumption has shown great expansion, but in this country and in France there is a great disinclination among consumers to do anything but buy from hand to mouth. If the future of the metal were secure, the users of copper would open their purse-strings and buy in reasonable quantities; but at present it is a battle between the ring and the consumer, the end of which no man can with any certainty foresee, hence the feeling of disappointment with which the Anaconda dividend was received in this market.

Saturday, Sept. 23, 1899.

#### ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A W.—The concern you ask about is a bucket-shop, which we believe pays up; but dealing at tape prices gives it a great and unfair advantage, and in the long run you are sure to lose your money by speculating with it. We should think many members of the Stock Exchange would do business for you on deposit of a 20 per cent. margin, and, if you were willing to give a general authority to close on a heavy drop, would undertake to limit your risk.

LADY.—You appear so completely at sea as to the meaning of the commonest Stock Exchange expressions that we hardly know how to make you understand. There is said to be "no market" for a security when no one wants to buy it, or possibly because no one wants to sell. Many very good securities, when the amount is very small, are said to have "no market," but in your case we fear it is because the shares are rubbish.

NEWCASTLE.—The concern is being wound up. The liquidators are the London Law and Trade Protection Association, Limited, 85, Gracechurch Street, E.C. Write there and ask for information, or look upon the investment as a bad debt.

DONE IN THE EYE.—See our note this week on the subject of your letter. If you had been a reader of *The Sketch*, as you say, you would not have invested in the concern.

A. W. P.—We cannot advise, as the subject is quite out of our line.

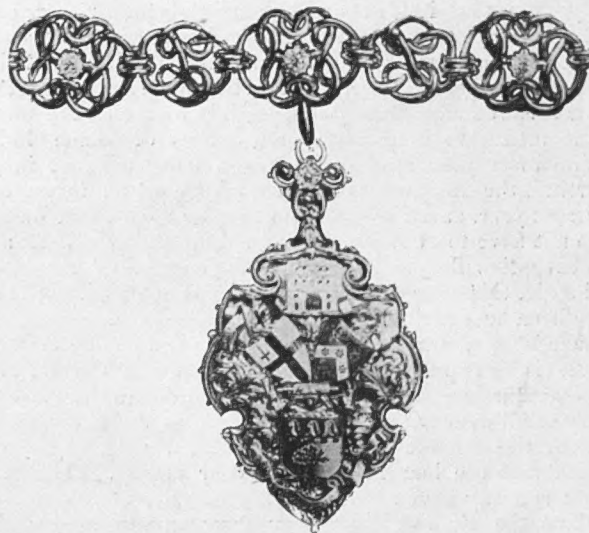
BOY.—Of course, there ought to be an investigation, but it is doubtful if anything will come of the agitation. At any rate, support the Shareholders' Committee.

NOTE.—We again call our readers' attention to the fact that no letter can be answered in the next issue of this paper which reaches us later than Saturday morning by the first post. We always get more letters on Monday than any other day, and correspondents have therefore only themselves to blame for the delay.

#### CHAIN AND PENDANT PRESENTED TO ALDERMAN TRELOAR.

A particularly fine chain and badge of office were presented to Mr. Alderman Treloar, Sheriff-elect, on Sept. 20 by the inhabitants of the Ward of Farringdon Without. The chain is of massive 18-carat gold, each link being hall-marked. The centres of the seven more important links each contain a large diamond. The work was executed by Messrs. J. W. Benson, Limited, the well-known jewellers, of Ludgate Hill and Old Bond Street.

Alderman Treloar's liveries are of Royal-blue, whilst those of Mr. Bevan are green. Both the full State and half-State of each



BADGE OF OFFICE PRESENTED TO ALDERMAN TRELOAR.

Sheriff are very handsomely ornamented with best double gold-lace, and are turned out and finished in a manner that reflects great credit upon the makers, Messrs. Samuel Brothers, Limited, of Ludgate Hill, who have scored many signal successes during the past twenty years in the production of liveries for our Lord Mayors and Sheriffs.